

SELECT
REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,
FOR MAY, 1812.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, carefully revised, and occasionally corrected from the Arabic. To which is added, a Selection of New Tales, now first translated from the Arabic originals. Also an Introduction and Notes, illustrative of the Religion, Manners, and Customs of the Mohammedans. By *Jonathan Scott*, L. L. D. Oxford. Late oriental Professor at the Royal Military and East-India Colleges, &c. &c. In six vols. 12 mo. 1l. 16s. Longman, &c. 1811.

WHEN the Arabian Nights were first introduced among us, in a translation, made from the French translation of M. Galland, though the tales were read with avidity, many doubts were entertained of their authenticity: and, whether they might have been invented or embellished in France, they were thought little worthy of any serious consideration. Even in that country, the learned translator was occasionally exposed to ridicule, in return for this present to the public; and it is particularly related that one very cold night, a set of young Parisian wits knocked furiously at his door, and when the alarm had brought him to the window in his shirt, they contrived to detain him there by several frivolous questions, as whether he was M. Galland? whether he was the author of the *Arabian Nights*? addressing him at length in a parody on the usual interrogation of Dinarzade to her sister, "M. Galland, si vous ne dormez pas, faites-nous un de ces beaux contes que vous savez." "M. Galland, if you are not asleep, pray tell us one of those fine stories which you know so well."

It has now been long known, on the testimony of our best orientalists, Sir W. Jones, Col. Capper, Mr. Dallaway, Dr. Russell, the very intelligent editor of these volumes, and others, that those tales are genuine productions of the East, strongly charac-

teristic of the manners and customs, habits and opinions of those countries; and form a small part only of a very extensive collection, generally current and admired throughout the Moosulmaun dominions. They have been also illustrated, in a pleasing manner, by Mr. Hole in his "Essay on the Arabian Nights." The tales being thus established, well deserved a more classical edition than had hitherto appeared, and for fulfilling the task of producing such an edition, a better person could not have been found than Dr. Jonathan Scott; long well-known for his deep and various researches into Oriental literature.*

The editor, we think, has acted judiciously in his conduct of this edition. He has not attempted a new translation, but has corrected from the Arabic those passages which particularly required it; and has given such general improvement to the language as to him seemed proper.† The work is augmented by one volume of tales newly translated, of which the history is this. A very valuable copy of the original Arabic was procured in the East, by Mr. Wortley Montague, which at the sale of his oriental MSS. was bought by professor White. Dr. Scott, wishing to retranslate the whole, this copy was ceded to him by the Professor, on condition that, if he thought of parting with it again, it should be offered to the curators of the Bodleian library; and there it now is actually deposited, enriched by several remarks by Dr. Scott. On attempting to retranslate the tales published by M. Galland, it was soon found that the version of that learned orientalist, accorded so well in general with the original, that a new translation would have produced but little gratification or advantage to the public. On attempting to proceed with those not translated by M. Galland, it appeared, very much to the disappointment of Dr. Scott, that very few of them were fit, either from indelicacy‡ or frivolousness, to appear in an English dress. Those which form the sixth volume of this collection are all that seemed worthy of translation; and having been kept some time in manuscript, are now added, to complete the present edition. It is, however, certain that there were other tales worthy of translation, namely, those which the editor himself published in 1800, from a fragment of the original work, procured by Mr. Anderson in Bengal. These, which occupy 198 pages of the "Tales,

* See, in our volumes, the account of several works by him: as his translation of *Ferishta*, vol. v. 209, and 516; his *Tales, Anecdotes, and Letters from the Arabic*, xvi. 83, and *Bahar Danush*, *ibid.*

† He has, however, new-modelled names and titles, according to his ideas of oriental pronunciation; of which, unfortunately, every European has a different system. *Schahriar* is *Shier-ear*; our old favourite *Aladdin*, *Alla ad Deen*; and the *Cadi* of the first published *Tales*, is here the *Cawzee*, &c.

‡ Even the first tale of those actually translated has an offence against delicacy in it.

Anecdotes, and Letters," before mentioned, are not here repeated, and are in fact wanting to make the collection perfect. It may easily be imagined, why the editor would not consent to melt down his own Tales into another work, but still the fact should be known to the reader. As to the original collections, it is clear, from abundant testimony, that there is great variation in them, some containing more and some fewer of the Tales. Nor is this extraordinary, as the work is evidently not the production of one person, but a collection of oriental tales, invented by different authors. It is mentioned in the preface to this edition, that the MS. in the Paris library does not contain the story of Sindbad; which nevertheless is found in a MS. in the library of Christ Church, Oxford. The arrangement of the Tales is also different in most of the copies. Dr. Russell's account of the manner in which such tales are usually recited in the East, is so characteristic and picturesque, that we cannot refrain from re-quoting it from the preface to the present work. It is taken from his history of Aleppo.

"The recitation of eastern fables and tales partake somewhat of a dramatic performance; it is not merely a simple narrative; the story is animated by the manner and action of the speaker. A variety of other story-books, besides the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, (which under that title are little known at Aleppo) furnish materials for the story-teller, who, by combining the incidents of the different tales, and varying the catastrophe of such as he has related before, gives them an air of novelty, even to persons who at first imagine they are listening to tales with which they are acquainted. He recites walking to and fro in the middle of the coffee-room, stopping only now and then, when the expression requires some emphatical attitude. He is commonly heard with great attention; and not unfrequently, in the midst of some interesting adventure, when the expectation of his audience is raised to the highest pitch, he breaks off abruptly, and makes his escape from the room, leaving both his hero and his audience in the utmost embarrassment. Those who happen to be near the door, endeavour to detain him, insisting on the story being finished before he departs; but he always makes his retreat good: and the auditors, suspending their curiosity, are induced to return at the same hour next day to hear the sequel. He has no sooner made his exit, than the company, in separate parties, fall a disputing about the characters of the drama, or the event of the unfinished adventure. The controversy by degrees becomes serious, and opposite opinions are maintained with no less warmth than if the fate of the city depended on the decision."

This is surely full as good, if not better, than our coffee-house politicians, disputing about measures which they neither comprehend, nor will on either hand consent to learn, otherwise than from partial representations. As for the address of the story-

tellers, it is perfectly illustrative of the connecting narrative of the Arabian Tales themselves; where the Sultanness usually breaks off in a very interesting part of the story, that the Sultan may be induced to let her live to continue it. A most valuable accession to the present edition, is the "Introduction," comprising, in less than 90 pages, one of the most luminous views of oriental manners and customs that have yet appeared. The editor thus states the reason for placing it here, which no person can well deny to be perfectly valid.

"The incidents and machinery of the 1001 Nights, being for the most part founded upon the religious tenets, superstitious opinions, customs, laws, and domestic habits of the followers of Mahummed, the editor of these volumes has concluded, that a summary description of them may not prove unacceptable to most of their readers, as it is presumed they will not generally be persons who have paid much attention to such subjects. A brief account of the ground-work of the superstructure will enable such to judge of its general fidelity, and possibly may render the tales more interestingly amusing."

That this will be the case we cannot doubt, when we observe with what skill the editor has compiled his account from the very best authorities, combining and illustrating it with that knowledge of the subject in which he has not many rivals. We have no hesitation in saying that no where, in so small a compass, can so much accurate knowledge of oriental manners be found.

We observe that no notice whatever is taken of the Tales published as a continuation of the Arabian Nights, and said to be "newly translated from the original Arabic into French, by Don Chaves, a native Arab, and M. Cazotte, Member of the Academy of Dijon." These were published in English 1794, and have been considered by good judges as palpable forgeries, which sentence seems to be confirmed by this silence of Dr. Scott. They contain certainly many incidents very inconsistent with oriental manners, and many that are palpably French, yet there was a time, when we thought, and were countenanced by good authority in thinking, that some at least among them might be genuine. We yield, however, if this be his opinion, to the superior judgment in such matters, of the present editor.* The first of those supplemental

* In one passage in his notes, Dr. Scott mentions the Tales of Cazotte, as allowing them to have a foundation of oriental original, though much disfigured in the superstructure. He says; "To this story [that of the first Lunatic, vol. vi. p. 43.] there is one similar in the Edinburgh continuation of the Arabian Nights. [The same nearly as the London.] It is called Halechalle [Halechalbé] and the unknown lady; but from the strange additions made to the incidents, and the language, any thing but oriental, of the young merchant and his beloved, it appears that Don Chaves, and M. Cazotte, who profess to have translated from the Arabic, did not understand, or wilfully deviated from the Original." Note 16.

Tales is that of *Il Bondocani* which has been dramatized among us, and we believe also in France. It has certainly more of French intrigue than of Arabian simplicity: and Cazotte, the pretended translator, was a man of unbounded imagination, and well practised in the invention of Tales.

A few more oriental tales, undoubtedly genuine, were published by Mr. Beloe, in the third volume of his *Miscellanies*, which appeared in 1795. They were communicated to him by Dr. Russell, from a small volume which he had brought from Aleppo, and perfectly agree in style with the tales of the Arabian Nights, though it does not appear that they ever belonged to that work; they are, however, extremely original and entertaining, particularly the concluding story of Basem the blacksmith.

Though we have said, decidedly, that these volumes do honour to the judgment of the editor, we are not yet satisfied with them as an edition of the Arabian Nights. These Tales deserve, as Oriental classics, a more splendid form, and a more extensive apparatus of notes. Those which are subjoined to the six volumes, are only 82 in number, and occupy about 20 pages.* They are, it is true, very instructive and valuable, but occasions might have been found, without much seeking, to render them more copious. At present, some of the inferior editions are in splendour much superior to this, which yet is, beyond all doubt, the best.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

Travels in various Countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa. By Edward Daniel Clarke, L.L.D. Part the first, Russia, Tartary, and Turkey. Vol. 1. 4to. 760 pp. 5l. 5s. Cadell and Davies. 1810.

FEW modern publications have excited more of public curiosity and animadversion, than this very curious and interesting volume of Travels. In one respect all readers appear to be agreed, that the narrative is highly interesting and important, and the detail of the author's progress through the countries he describes, communicated in a very animated and entertaining manner. If any proof were wanted of this being the general, we might say the universal, feeling, it is sufficiently ascertained by the unusual circumstance of the volume's passing through two

* These notes refer only to the sixth volume.

editions in the quarto form, in a very short period of time. The only circumstance which has occasioned perplexity, doubt, and dispute; and which indeed has been the particular reason why we have so long delayed our notice of a book, from which we have derived so much and such pleasing information, is the representation which is here found of the Russian character. As this is a prominent feature, and occasionally introduced with a force and boldness almost bordering upon caricature, we felt it a sort of duty, both to the public and to Dr. Clarke, to pause a little and employ such means as were in our power from assiduous inquiry and investigation, to ascertain the real fact. We will candidly acknowledge, that the result of our examination has not been entirely satisfactory.

We have communicated with some of the most intelligent and important individuals of different ranks, some of whom have long been resident in, and others have frequently visited the Russian Empire; with some who have been led to that quarter of the globe from curiosity and for information, with others who have been long fixed in Russia by official situations, or by speculations of commerce. Of these, some have informed us that what is here said by Dr. Clarke by no means outstrips the truth and fact, while others have strongly complained of misrepresentation and prejudice.

It is very certain that Dr. Clarke experienced much personal ill treatment in Russia, had unexpected and unreasonable obstructions thrown in his way, and was in some degree persecuted with a sort of vindictive temper. Allowing this treatment to operate on a temper, perhaps constitutionally warm, though universally acknowledged to be amiable, unnecessarily irritated and injuriously provoked, the common feelings of human nature, will explain, and to a certain degree justify, what to some readers has appeared to be malignant representation.

Of malignity we know Dr. Clarke to be utterly incapable, and it is a matter of common justice to him to state, that after due deliberation and a considerable interval of time, he in his second edition retains, and not only retains, but vindicates all the opinions and assertions which are exhibited in the first. To the weight of his own he adds the highly respectable authority of the late much-lamented Lord Royston, which on every impartial reader cannot fail to make a serious impression. We shall insert what the author says on this subject, in his second edition, and then forsaking it altogether enter on the more agreeable province of attending him in his interesting progress.

“ After the fullest and most impartial consideration, the author is contented to rest the truth and validity of his remarks, concerning the

Russian character, upon the evidence afforded by almost every enlightened traveller who has preceded him. In addition to their testimony, the unpublished observations of the late Lord *Royston** may be adduced, to show that, subsequent to the author's travels, and under happier auspices of government in Russia, the state of society appeared to that gifted young nobleman, as it has been described in the following pages. Lord *Royston*, when writing to an accomplished friend, who was snatched from the pursuit of worldly honours, by a fate as untimely, although not so sudden as his own,† thus briefly, but emphatically characterizes the state of refinement in the two great cities of the Russian Emperor.‡ ‘A journey from Petersburg to Moscow is a journey from Europe to Asia. With respect to the society of the former city, I am almost ashamed to state my opinion, after the stubborn fact of my having twice returned thither, each time at the expense of a thousand miles : but although I had not imagined it possible that any place could exist more devoid of the means of enjoying rational conversation, I am now, since my residence here, become of a different opinion. Not that I have not been excessively interested, both during this and my former visit to Moscow. The feudal magnificence of the nobility, the Asiatic dress and manners of the common people, the mixture of nations to be seen here, the immensity, the variety, and the singular architecture of the city, present altogether a most curious and amusing assemblage.’ In a former part of the same letter, the inattention of the superior Clergy to the religion of the lower orders is forcibly illustrated. The words are as fol-

* “The kindness of the Earl of Hardwicke authorises this allusion to his Son's Letters. Lord ROYSTON's name carries with it a claim to public consideration. Although the knowledge of his great acquirements had scarcely transpired beyond the circle of his academical acquaintance, his erudition was regarded, even by a PORSON, with wonder. The loss sustained by his death can never be retrieved; but some consolation is derived from the consciousness that all the fruits of his literary labours have not been annihilated. The sublime prophecy of his own Cassandra, uttering ‘a parable of other times,’ will yet be heard, in his native language, showing ‘her dark speech,’ and thus pourtraying his melancholy end.

“ ‘Ye cliffs of Zarax, and ye waves which wash
Opheltes' craggs, and melancholy shore,
Ye rocks of Trychas, Nedon's dangerous heights,
Dirphossian ridges, and Diacrian caves,
Ye plains, where Phorcyn broods upon the deep,
And founts his floating palaces, what sobs
Of dying men shall ye not hear? what groans
Of masts and wrecks, all crashing in the wind?
What mighty waters, whose receding waves
Bursting shall rive the continents of earth?’

Viscount Royston's Cassandra, p. 28.”

† “Rev. G. D. Whittington, author of an ‘*Historical Survey of Gothic Architecture*,’ published since his death by certain of his distinguished friends. See the elegant tribute to his memory, in a preface to that work, by the Earl of Aberdeen.”

‡ This letter is dated, Moscow, April 13th, 1809.

low; 'You have probably received some account of my Journey to Archangel; of my movement thence in a north-easterly direction, to Mezen; of the distinguished reception I received from the Mayor of that *highly-civilized* * city, who made me a speech in Russian, three-quarters of an hour long; of my procuring there twelve rein-deer, and proceeding towards the Frozen Ocean, until I found a Samoid Camp in the desert between the rivers Mezen and Petchora: and of my ascertaining that that nation, which extends over almost all the North of Russia, remains still in a state of Paganism; a circumstance of which the Archbishop of the diocese was ignorant.'

"The description given in this work of the miserable condition of the Russian peasants, and of the scarcity of provisions, in the interior of the country, has been disputed. Let us now, therefore, see what Lord Royston has said upon this part of the subject. It is contained in a letter to Mr. Whittington, from Casan, dated May 16, 1807. 'I left Moscow on Tuesday the 5th of May; and the first town at which I arrived was Vladimir, formerly the capital of an independent sovereignty, and the residence of a Grand Duke. The accommodations are such as are alone to be met with all over Muscovy; one room, in which you sleep with the whole family, in the midst of a most suffocating heat and smell; no furniture to be found, but a bench and table; and an absolute dearth of provisions.'

"In the extracts added to the Notes, from Mr. Heber's Journal, there are certain observations which are said to be at variance with the remarks in the Text; but it is hardly necessary to add, that they were introduced for this especial reason. Some persons have also insinuated that the author has accused the Russians of want of hospitality; although the very reverse may be proved from his writings. In describing the reception which he experienced at Moscow, he lays particular stress upon the hospitality of the inhabitants, '*although*,' to use his own words in the fourth chapter of the present volume, '*it was considered dangerous at the time to have the character of hospitality towards Englishmen.*' He also cites a passage in the Notes, from a French work of celebrity, to prove, with reference to Moscow, that '*l'hospitalité des Russes paroît ici dans tout son jour.*' Another extract from Lord Royston's Letters will show that the same characteristic of the inhabitants was observed by his Lordship; although, as he expressly declares, it did not alter his '*general opinion*' of the people. It is taken from a Letter to the Right Honourable Charles Yorke, dated Moscow, May 5th, 1807. 'Notwithstanding all the pleasure I promise myself from my tour, I shall be sorry to leave Moscow: the hospitality of the people is very great, and it is unpleasant to be always forming new and agreeable acquaintance, with the expectation of shortly leaving them, and the probability of never seeing them again. On leaving Petersburg, notwithstanding my general opinion, I felt very strongly how painful it is to quit for ever a place in which we have resided for some time; and believe it was solely that feeling which caused me to return thither from Moscow.'"

* So marked in the original.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Sketches of History, Politics, and Manners, taken in Dublin and the North of Ireland, in the Autumn of 1810. 8vo. 294. pp. 8s. Boards. Cradock & Joy. 1811.

OUR countrymen are, in general, so much less acquainted with Ireland than with the rest of the empire, that the production of a tourist who professes to enlighten them on its 'politics and manners' appears entitled to early attention. The obstacles to travelling on the continent, however deeply to be regretted on other accounts, have at least the advantage of inducing us to become more accurately acquainted with our own island; and though Scotland affords occupation to the greater proportion of our wanderers, the number of those who visit Ireland seems likewise to be on the increase. That the diffusion of accurate information regarding our sister isle, is most ardently to be desired, must be apparent to all who have observed the errors which prevail in respect to that country, in those assemblies on whose legislative acts it suffering or its well-being so materially depend; as long, therefore, as we are thus circumstanced, it is incumbent on us to receive information from the report even of second-rate travellers, and to affix a value on the book which exhibits a candid exposition of facts, though hastily put together, and seldom indicative of profundity of research.

The author of the present work represents himself as leaving London under the pressure of sickness, in hopes of finding relief from pain in distant and rural scenes. He has concealed his name: but he appears to have been born in the North of Ireland, to have studied medicine at Edinburgh, to have served some time in a medical capacity in the army, and to have re-visited his native country after an absence of several years. Liverpool being the place chosen by him to embark for Dublin, and a contrary wind having detained him there some time, his readers are favoured with a communication of his opinion of that bustling sea-port. Whether it was owing to the vexatious circumstance of detention, or to his habitual dislike of the scenes of maritime occupation, he discovers a much smaller share of good humour on this occasion than during the sequel of his journey. He terms Liverpool, very unjustly in our opinion, little better than a 'respectable Wapping or Rotherhithe;' and he goes the length of asserting that 'the smell of tar assails the passenger in Castle-street and the squares, as well as in the docks.' Admitting that the part of the town adjoining the water is confined and irregular, and that the want of an original plan is too often apparent, it was

incumbent on him to have paid a warmer compliment to the appearance of the new streets to the eastward; and to have acknowledged the advantages, both for health and beauty of prospect, of the extent of rising ground on which a future city may be expected to stand. He omits, likewise, to take notice of the elegance and magnitude of the public rooms for the purposes of business, of literary recreation, and of civic meetings; accommodations in which Liverpool is second to no city in the kingdom.—The wind having at last become fair, the vessel in which he embarked passed quickly along the rocky and dangerous coast from Liverpool to Holyhead, and landed the passengers on Irish ground, in the space of twenty-six hours. Having been a sufferer from sea-sickness, the author appears anxious to contribute towards diminishing the inconvenience of it to others. He advises the novice in sailing to keep, as long as it is in his power, on deck; and, when compelled to quit it, to ‘stretch himself as much at length as possible, with his head low and firmly pressed to the pillow, endeavouring to lose all motion of his own and to accommodate himself to that of the ship.’

After an account of the landing, and the conveyance of the passengers in the long-coach to Dublin, the traveller enters on a description of the city; which, as it is free from the fantastic effusions scattered through the greater part of the book, will afford a favourable specimen of his composition:

“There is something inexpressibly graceful in the appearance of this town to a stranger; he is forcibly struck with the strong likeness it bears to London, of which it is a beautiful copy—far more beautiful in miniature, than the gigantic original—like a watch set in a ring, it charms with its fairy distinctness, its light and airy construction: the streets are wide and commodious, the houses uniform, lofty and elegant: Sackville street is a noble avenue, a hundred and twenty feet wide, terminated by the rotunda, and public gardens—nor do I know any square in London, that equals Merrion Square for beauty and uniformity of appearance: the river is open to the view, in the whole of its course through the city, and the quays, when properly embanked, will form a walk superior, perhaps, to any thing of the kind in the universe.—The Liffy, however, is but an inconsiderable stream, and only remarkable for having the metropolis seated on its banks.

“Notwithstanding its antiquity, Dublin has few ancient edifices, either public or private; the massy labours of our fathers having given place to the lighter works of their sons: the houses have almost all the appearance of being built within the last century, and even the churches, with the exception of Christ Church and St. Patrick’s Cathedral, are of modern construction. The castle of Dublin, nominally an ancient, is in reality a modern building; it was formerly moated and flanked with towers, but the ditch has been long since filled up, and the old buildings rased: the chapel and wardrobe tower excepted, which still remain.

“ Though Dublin Castle is pretty, and even magnificent in some of its parts, it is deficient as a whole ; it has no uniformity of plan, and as it is so scattered that the eye can take little of it in at once, it has no dignity of appearance—it bears too evident marks of the various repairs it has undergone, and like Sir John Cutler’s worsted stockings; so often darned with black silk that they changed their original nature, it has lost all traces of its venerable origin, in the grotesque embellishments of modern art.—The College Library, which I saw for the first time to day, struck me, as I think it must every stranger, with its superb and lofty magnificence.—It is built of hewn stone, with an elegant Corinthian entablature, crowned with a ballustrade and ornamented windows, and consists of an extensive centre and two advanced pavillions. In the western pavillion are the librarian’s apartments, and the grand stair-case, from which, by folding doors, you enter the Library, by much the finest room in the three kingdoms, appropriated to such a purpose : the galleries are adorned with the busts of many illustrious writers and literary characters, executed in white marble, by the ablest masters ; and on the shelves are to be found an admirable collection of the best writers on every subject, in number exceeding forty-six thousand volumes, which is also daily increasing.”

In the course of his perambulations through Dublin, the author represents himself as accidentally meeting with Mr. Curran, of whom he speaks with little favour, in regard either to the *moral* or the *physique*. Of Mr. Grattan, whom he is next said (p. 34,) to observe in the street, he gives a very different report, pronouncing him to be a steady and inflexible patriot ; who, regardless of ephemeral and evanescent popularity, has held, during a period of thirty years, “ the even tenour of his way.” Although the eulogy on Mr. Grattan’s oratory, which follows this cordial testimony to his loyalty, is somewhat highly coloured, it contains an admission that he is neither a fluent nor a frequent debater on the common business and details of parliament. It is on a grand question of justice or morality,—a question involving the happiness of the present and of succeeding generations,—that the powers of Mr. Grattan become conspicuous, and display with effect that capacity of generalizing which is possessed by so few of his brother members. The author is evidently an Anti-Pittite, and by no means satisfied with the course of policy observed, either in the present or in former ages, by England towards her sister kingdom : but he approves of the Union, and ridicules the gloomy predictions of those who alleged that it would tend to the depopulation of Dublin.

Having traversed the interior of the Irish metropolis, the traveller availed himself of the opportunity afforded by Palmerston fair, for observing the amusements of the lower orders belonging to Dublin and its neighbourhood. Tired of the jingling of the wheel-cars along the streets, he proceeded to the scene of enter-

tainment by the Phoenix park. In his way, he passed the barracks, which are esteemed the largest and most commodious in Europe, consisting of four squares, situated at the west end of the town, on the north side of the river. On the occasion of so numerous and so miscellaneous an assemblage as the fair collected, he could hardly fail to experience considerable annoyance from the beggars who were seated in crowds along the road-side :

“ The address of an Irish beggar is much more poetical and animated than that of an English one ; his phraseology is as peculiar as the recitative in which it is delivered : he conjures you, for the love and honour of God, to throw something to the poor famished sinner, —by your father and mother’s soul, to cast an eye of pity on his sufferings ;—he is equally liberal in his good wishes, whether you give him any thing or not ; “ may you live a hundred years, may you pass unhurt through fire and water, may the gates of Paradise be ever open to receive you ; ” are common modes of expression, which he utters with a volubility that is inconceivable.—The men and women at the fair in general were decently dressed ; the women in stuff and flowered cotton gowns, with ribbands and mob caps : They almost universally wore white thread stockings : when a poor Irish woman wears shoes and stockings, she is always dressed ; worsted ones, therefore, are seldom used.—The men wore coarse coats of a blue or brown colour ; several danced in great coats of gray cloth or frize ; though the weather was unusually warm, they did not seem inconvenienced either by them or the exercise they were taking.—The lower Irish are spare and thin—they are generally dark complexioned, with black hair, and often with thick bushy eye-brows ; this gives an expression of countenance very different from that of an English peasant.—There is an air of vivacity and restlessness, of intelligence, and, perhaps, of mischief in the former, totally unlike the fat, contented ignorance of the latter—though not more so than his harsh and disagreeable tones in speaking, to the soft and musical ones of a London accent. We staid about an hour longer, and then went away—the scene which pleased at first by its novelty, lost all its charms along with it ;—we were kindly pressed to stay dinner by the good lady of the tent where we were sitting—“ We should have a hot loin of mutton (she said,) with a cut of salmon, and a rice pudding along with it, in half an hour.”—I was anxious to see the kitchen from whence the roast mutton and rice pudding were to issue ;—it was a large hole made in the ground, directly behind the tent—there was a blazing turf fire large enough to roast an ox, covered with pots, and several spits before it—I am assured, had we stayed, we should have got an excellent dinner ; but as there is often in the evening a course of fighting, the *dessert* might not have been so agreeable.—The custom of fighting, however, is not near so universal as it was—it is now pretty much confined to single combats with the fist, and does not, as formerly, involve the whole field in a general battle with Shillalahs, made of their native oak ;

which, in an Irishman's hand, is not a very gentle weapon, and has no pretensions to one property of a joke—namely breaking no bones.”

Though the author visited Dublin in the month of August, when, as in London, all who aspire to the character of persons of *condition*, make it a rule to be out of town, he is at no loss to form a decided opinion on the state of society in the Irish metropolis. The absence of the nobility from Dublin he attributes to their want of independent feeling, and to their leaning for support on ministerial favour. The men of landed property, likewise appear to consider that their consequence could not be kept up without annual visits to London, Bath, or Cheltenham, and seldom condescend to come among their tenants except for the purpose of raising their rents :—but if the great are personally absent from Dublin, the imitation of their manners remains, and is kept up with no slight degree of emulation by those of inferior rank. The traders give dinners and routs, which may bear comparison with those of the great, in point of splendour as well as in ease of manner; the universal prevalence of good-breeding in Dublin being one of its most conspicuous advantages. It is mixed, however, in the author's opinion, with a tolerable portion of vanity; the usages of this metropolis making it necessary to give dinners at an expense which is often inconsistent with the fortune of the entertainer. This hospitality is, therefore, something like a holiday suit, and is displayed only on state-occasions. The price of it is paid by an habitual retrenchment in private; so that the greatest dread of persons living in this manner is that of being taken unawares at a humble family-meal.—In the absence of the nobility and country-gentlemen, the lead in Dublin-society is taken by the learned professions, particularly by the lawyers; the extent of whose eventual elevation confers a consequence which is unknown in the medical and even in the clerical line. The passage in which the eloquence of the Irish bar is characterized appears to us one of the best in this part of the book :

“The style of the Irish bar is different from the English—it is less solemn and decorous, but more lively and animated, more glowing and figurative, more witty and sarcastic—it reasons less, it instructs less, it convinces less, but it amuses more; it is more ornamented, more dramatic; it rises to the sublime, it sinks to the humours, it attempts the pathetic—but in all this there is too much the tricks of a juggler. I don't say that an Irish advocate thinks less of his client than an English one, but he appears to think less; he appears to think most of himself—of his own reputation, of the approbation of his brethren, the applause of the spectators, and the admiration of the Court.—I dare say I should be most gratified by specimens of eloquence taken at the Irish bar, but was either my life or fortune at stake, I should like to be defended at an—English one.”

When the traveller had spent some time in the society of the Irish metropolis, he bent his course to the north, and passed successively through Drogheda, Monaghan, Coote-hill, Omagh, the pleasant village of Newton Stewart, and Strabane. He had the comfort of experiencing a great improvement, in late years, in the condition of the Irish inns;—an improvement arising in some degree from the progressive advancement of civilization, but more from the exertions of the country-gentlemen, who felt sore at the derision to which the reports of travellers and strangers perpetually exposed them. The mercantile distress which began in the last summer, and still continues its pressure on this country, has been felt yet more severely in Ireland; where it is ascribed to the evil effects of the Union, with as much confidence as it is assigned among us to the extension of bank-paper. It is remarkable that in both countries commercial men are agreed in one point,—in throwing all blame off themselves; as if habits of profuse expenditure were not the infallible means of preventing that accumulation of capital, which alone can form a barrier against the fluctuations of trade.

A visit to the province of Ulster is calculated to convey a melancholy impression of that political and religious antipathy which has so long proved the scourge of Ireland. The Protestants have for many ages been strong enough to enter the lists of opposition with the Catholics, but not sufficiently powerful to acquire a decided superiority. Hence an endless series of contentions insurrections and assassinations on both sides. It was in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, that the government of England first saw the necessity of directing a mass of force to the reduction of the North of Ireland. The inveterate hostility of Philip II., and the facility of conveying supplies to Ireland from Spain, (the western coast of which extends so far into the Atlantic as to make the passage easy and expeditious with a south-west wind,) rendered it highly expedient to strengthen the tenure of England over her sister-kingdom. After several alternations of success and immense bloodshed, the subjugation of Ireland appeared to be accomplished: but the ravages of war were not followed by clemency in peace. Compulsion was still the motto of the English government; and the unfortunate Catholics were both stripped of their lands, and coerced in the exercise of their religion. It is to this conduct that we must attribute the cruel revenge taken on the Protestants by the massacre of 1641, and the horrors which ensued; the effects of which were such that "about the year 1652 and 1653," says an author who was an ocular witness of the state of things, "the plague and famine had so swept away whole counties, that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles, and not see a living creature."

Such was the unhappy state of Ulster for many ages, that the writer of these travels may be permitted to say, without great exaggeration, that 'the waves which break on its rocky shores are the peaceful circles of a lake, compared to the storms raised by fanaticism and bigotry.' It is but too apparent, from what we have witnessed in the present age, that the waters are only lulled, and might with little difficulty be raised again to violent agitation.

"Love for one's religion, in Ireland, by no means implies religion in the common acceptation of the word; it is not devotion, it is not benevolence, nor even morality. It is pride, it is vanity in its cool, it is delirium, it is phrensy in its heated moments. It mingles with their amusements, and floats on their cups; it is felt by the drunkard and blackguard, as much as by the most orderly and sedate.

"I stood an hour in my friend's shop at Drogheda this morning, after breakfast, and was highly amused with the manner of doing business. The number of people that came in was very great, and so was the trouble they gave: one or two women bought gowns, and I observed that the colours they preferred were all different shades of green; a very elegant stuff, of a pale yellow, was shown them—the youngest seemed pleased with it, but the other whispered something in Irish, and then laid it aside. I remarked the shopman smiled, and asked him what she said, "Don't have any thing to do with it, it is a *protestant* colour." Green, in all its shades, is catholic—Orange is protestant: Green is not only the most beautiful, but it is the national colour.—All the attachments, indeed, and prejudices of the Catholic, have a reference to the country, to the soil, to the sod, as he affectionately terms it. Very few of these poor people could speak English.

"About a mile from Cross-roads, near Omagh, is the village of Emma-Vale. The country round it is level; the fields appear to be well cultivated, and are agreeably intersected with hedges; in most parts of the north of Ireland, the fences are formed of stones. This village was formerly called Scarnageragh, an Irish word, of which I don't know the meaning;—but which signifies, I suppose, something for which the town is famous. All Irish names of places, I believe, are compound-epithets.—As the country becomes refined, Irish names become obsolete; they are too rough "for ears polite." I was curious, however, to learn the etymology of Scarnageragh; I overtook a middle-aged man, decently dressed, and asked him if he could inform me. "I dinna ken," said he; "I canna *spake* Erish—I would never *fash* myself with it; for, to tell you a secret, I neither love it, nor the breed that *spakes* it."—"That's a secret," I replied, "I should never have suspected; are you not an Irishman yourself?" "In troth, and I'm *nane*; I, and *aw* my generation, *ha* gone to meeting this *fowr* hundred years."—"They must have been a clever generation indeed," said I, "to have gone to meeting a hundred years before there was any.—Where was you born?" "In *yon wee hoose*," said he, "on the *tah* o'the *brae*, with the *auld* tree *our* it." By the Erish he meant the

native Irish, or the catholics :—his ancestors probably were settled a century among them ; yet he spoke and thought of them, exactly as a Scotchman would have done. The manner of his expression involved what may be termed a bull—yet it is a bull [which] grave and sober Englishmen have committed. Sir John Davis, speaking of the city of Kilkenny, says, “there are more Englishmen born in it, than in any other city in Ireland.”

Were it not for the unhappy prevalence of religious divisions, the state of society in Ulster would be not only well adapted to ultimate improvement, but attended with a considerable share of present comfort.

“In other parts of Ireland, it is to be lamented there are only two classes in society, and that the third, which is the best, is wanting—it is not wanting here. But there are not only three classes, but it may likewise be said, three nations. The gentry, who are the English Irish,—the merchants, shop-keepers, and manufacturers, who are the Scotch Irish,—and the servants and labourers, who are mostly composed of the native Irish.—The second class is by far the most rational, the most enlightened, and the most industrious body—equally removed from the extremes of want and wealth, it is in the middle state between poverty and riches, in which the Royal preacher wished to be placed. It must be admitted, however, that profusion on the one hand, and the exactions of landlords on the other, are inclining it rather to the side of poverty. In most other countries the gentry give the tone to society,—it is the middle class, that gives it here—they are the link which unites the other two—to a certain degree, correcting their errors, and softening their hatreds—their gravity is the ballast, which steadies the bark of Irish levity, and their placidity the oil which tempers the rough edge of English arrogance—in consequence of this, the gentry of the North are milder in their manners, “and bear their faculties more meekly,” than in the West and South of Ireland.—It is, therefore, among the Presbyterians of Ulster that the provincial character is to be sought ; and I am happy to be able to remark, that after attentive examination, I find their virtues far more numerous than their defects. In general they are great readers of the Bible.—It is the first book that is put into their hands, and all their ideas take a tinge from it ; and often their phrases :—they are accustomed to reflect, and to talk on the doctrines it contains, and are, therefore, great reasoners on theological, as well as other subjects.’—‘There are few great farmers—the country people are mostly weavers, and have a few acres of land only. This is the ancient, and almost patriarchal mode of life, more favourable to happiness and morality—to national prosperity, though not perhaps to bloated national greatness, than any other.—The better class of country people live in great abundance—wine is not much used—but they have great plenty of what they like better, and what is better adapted to the climate—which is whiskey punch.—They are slovenly in their habits, and an Englishman

would often feel disgust at the state in which their houses are kept. They are in general large unhewn masses of stone—with little ornament without, and little cleanliness within."

The concluding part of the description will receive some illustration from the account of a visit paid by the author to an affluent farmer, in the neighbourhood of Omagh :

"The house where we were going was surrounded by trees, and looked very well at a distance ; however, it did not improve upon nearer acquaintance :—we drove up to the door, and stepping incautiously out, I was half way up my leg in a large puddle of dirty water, which stagnated at the very threshold—my nankeen pantaloons, and white stockings, were little improved by the immersion. "Evil betide me, (said my conductor) not to tell you to step on the board." On looking down, I found there was a board, on which, as on a bridge, I entered the house.—"Never mind the water, my honey, (said the farmer) take a drop of the cratur to keep it out of your stomach, and I warrant you it will do you no harm ;—my sarvants are so busy, so busy, but if you happen to come this way about Christmas, you shall have a hearty welcome, and dry footing in to the bargain."—As most farm-houses in the North of Ireland are similar in construction to the one I was now in, I shall describe it exactly.—It was two stories high, white-washed, and thatched ;—on entering the hall, I found it likewise the kitchen, where a large fire was blazing—on the right hand was the parlour, off which there was a small bed-room ; the apartments above correspond in size to those, but were mere lumber rooms ;—they resembled the worst half of Noah's ark ; they were a receptacle for all unclean things.—When I was shewn to the room in which I was to sleep, I could not help being struck with its dreary and forlorn appearance.—It was large enough for a barrack, and seemed a barn metamorphosed into a bed-chamber.—The wind whistled through the broken panes, as melancholy, if not as musical, as an Eolian harp—it would have been an invaluable treasure to Mr. Monk Lewis, who has so happily revived the raw-head and bloody-bone stories of our infancy, to frighten the grown children of England—it only wanted a gang of banditti, a couple or three skeletons, a ghost, and a lady, to have made it a *jewel* of an apartment."

The emigrations to America from Ireland, which have so long taken place, are much more common among the Protestant than the Catholic part of the population. The former often make the exchange as a matter of calculation ; the latter only from necessity. The Presbyterian, active and enterprizing, seeks the country in which his prospect seems fairest, without much regret at leaving his native soil ; while the Catholic, unambitious, and uninstructed in the ways of life, and fondly attached to his country and his friends, accounts expatriation among the most serious of evils. The proportional number of Catholics to Protestants in

Ireland is thus successively on the increase, as well from emigration as from other causes. The Protestant in general does not marry so young as the Catholic; he has more the ideas of an Englishman, and likes to provide some sort of settlement before he takes a wife. The Catholic, more improvident, marries while yet a youth, "piles up a heap of sods into a cabin," rears potatoes, and gets children like a patriarch of old.

The present traveller is very angry, and, in our opinion, with great reason, at the ridicule which tourists and dramatists still endeavour to throw on the habits and conversation of the Irish. We agree with him that much mischievous misrepresentation occurs on this subject; and that authors may be said to "manufacture Irish bulls in their garrets as vintners do port in their cellars." It is the duty of a tourist to give a picture, not a caricature; to observe men and manners; and to render a report for the instruction more than for the amusement of his readers:—but, so far from doing this, the majority of travellers in Ireland appear to deem it incumbent on them to pursue the track of their predecessors, and to continue a supply of food for ancient prejudices; they go about, accordingly, twisting and perverting innocent expressions, and making bulls when they cannot find them. On referring to the well known principle in human nature, that contempt is still harder to be borne than injury, we shall not be at a loss to discover that the alienation of the Irish towards their fellow-subjects derives its origin, in no slight degree, from this offensive source.—The traits of national character in the present work, are very much in the style of former writers; and the author, in this as in other things, is often irregular and declamatory, though he seldom fails to convey a lively impression of his ideas. He mentions (p. 136,) the feeble resistance made in the year 1798 by a numerous body of insurgents who had fought before with courage, but were assailed in an unlucky moment by a small party of yeomanry:

"These unfortunate wretches made, it would appear, but a poor resistance, unworthy of their former reputation.—This will not be wondered at, by those who understand the character of the lower Irish—who are, beyond all others, governed by wild and unsettled emotion, and are often as helpless in depression, as they are bold and enterprising under less desperate circumstances.—The courage of the Irish peasant, like all his other virtues, is headlong, violent, and unreflecting.—Furious in attack, cheered by example, and animated by hope, regardless of consequences, he rushes boldly into the cannon's mouth; but in hopeless danger, which he has leisure coolly to survey, his fortitude almost always forsakes him,—despair, which often gives courage to others, who never possessed it before, softens and relaxes his."

In contrasting the habits of the English and the Irish, the author gives by a few touches (p. 165,) an animated idea of their opposite character and tendency. With the one, all is the gratification of the moment; while, with the other, a provision for the future appears the foremost consideration. The Irishman delights in the "present moment, the present spot, the present company;" while the Englishman has comparatively a limited enjoyment of these, "and lives in the future, the distant, and the absent." Fortunate, however, as the disposition of the former is in some respects, it seldom fails to be attended, in advanced life, with the general consequences of improvidence. This fact is strikingly illustrated by a conversation which is represented (p. 172,) as taking place between the author and a lady, whose residence gave her the means of knowing the history of the companions of his youth:

"We talked of times that were long past, and of persons I had once well known—there was not one family among whom great changes had not taken place; and so much I fear does misery predominate over happiness, that not even in one of them was the change for the better,—many whom I left children, were grown up to men and women, and had turned out ill; many whom I left old and infirm, were alive still, a burden to others, as well as themselves;—while the healthy and vigorous, in the bloom of youth and fulness of manhood, had been snatched away, and now mouldered in the tomb.—There had been considerable emigration to America, a desire of change had taken some; poverty and drunkenness more.—This latter vice had made great progress among the youth, and several promising young men were destroyed by it."

In the exposition of the character of the citizens of Dublin, the author dwells with much energy (p. 81,) on their charity; "a charity not founded on acts of parliament, nor weighed and measured by the standard of law, but the offspring of a sympathetic heart." He has the candour, on the other hand, to acknowledge that the progress of reason is abundantly slow in Ireland, and that much of what is really vice is not so deemed. Drunkenness among the lower orders is not accounted a sin; nor is quarrelling:—but we have had enough of these ungracious topics, and willingly relinquish them in order to transcribe the author's opinion of the ladies:

"In general they are fair and well-looking—They are not unsuccessful copyists of English fashions, and have a good deal the appearance of English women. If there is a shade of difference, it is that their features are harsher, and their persons rather more masculine. They are very fond of dancing, in which they display more vivacity and rapidity of movement than elegance or grace. This, perhaps

may be no evil. Young women who are taught the steps of opera dancers, are often apt to learn their tricks. They are more acute and knowing than English women.—They have not (I think) by any means, so much sensibility; their passions are not so easily inflamed. They can play about a flame, therefore, which would singe and consume an English woman. They have probably more vanity, and they have certainly more pride. In an Irish country town, there are four or five different degrees in female rank, and each class looks down with sovereign contempt on the one below it. Yet so strange a thing is human nature—so admirably are disadvantages, balanced by corresponding advantages, that I have doubts whether the negative qualities of this very vice of pride do not do as much good, as any positive virtue;—at least, if female chastity is the essential virtue that people are disposed to think it. Irish pride gives chastity to the females, in a degree that hardly any country this day in Europe can boast of. Adultery, or an intrigue even, is unknown among females in the middle class.—A married woman may be violent, may be a termagant.—An unmarried one, may be pert, may be ignorant, may be flippant,—but they are,

‘ Chaste as the icicle,
That hangs on Dian’s *fane*.’—

Pride, pride is the buckram and whalebone in the stays of Irish chastity, which enables it to walk through life, as stately as a duchess at a coronation.”

Our readers would be led to pronounce too favourable an opinion on the compositions of this traveller, were they to judge of the volume at large by the passages which we have extracted. From a wish to exhibit the useful parts of the book, we have hitherto avoided dwelling on the author’s eccentric declamations and wandering digressions: but we are bound, in critical justice, to admit that they constitute a considerable proportion of the printed matter before us. Meeting accidentally with a friend who had been one of his comrades in the expedition to Holland, in 1799, he enters into a long detail of that unfortunate enterprise; and much of the well-known political disturbances of Ireland in late years is here repeated:—but the theatre affords him the principal fund for extraneous dissertations; and that topic seems uppermost to his recollection in his leisure moments, from the beginning of his peregrinations at Liverpool till they approached to their close at Omagh. Another charge that we must prefer against him is a redundancy of common-place quotations. He draws largely for this purpose on Shakspeare and Goldsmith; while the rapidity with which he flies from one subject to another, and the abrupt appeals which he occasionally makes to his reader, may be said to afford an amusing exemplification of that irregularity which he is so ready to lament in the character of

his countrymen. Our third subject of complaint is of a different nature, and regards his inaccuracy in the observation of external objects. He acknowledges (p. 16,) that he is remarkably short-sighted; and as he does not appear to have called in the indispensable aid of glasses, he is apt to make remarks (p. 148,) on the illegibility of direction-posts, which would scarcely occur to any but a short-sighted traveller. On this charge, however, we are not disposed to lay much stress; the chief drawback of the book is the oddity already mentioned in the style, which is so conspicuous from the commencement, as to create a very unfavourable preposition in regard to the general merit of the production. It is to be apprehended, therefore, that many readers may lay down the work in disgust: but those who persevere will have the satisfaction of discovering that the writer, however volatile, is no where tedious, and that his sudden aberrations are generally followed by sound and liberal observations.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

The Geographical, Natural, and Civil History of Chili. Translated from the original Italian of the Abbe Don J. Ignatius Molina. To which are added, Notes from the Spanish and French Versions, and two Appendixes, by the English editor; the first, an account of the Archipelago of Chiloe, from the Description Historical of P. F. Pedro Gonzalez de Agueros; the second, an account of the native Tribes who inhabit the southern extremity of South America, extracted chiefly from Falkner's description of Patagonia. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 746. 18s. Longman, & Co. 1809.

IT must be perfectly unnecessary to state how very scanty our information has hitherto been, relative to the actual condition of Spanish America, both with regard to its natural history and civil policy. The vigilance and the jealousy of that government has systematically checked and suppressed any attempt to make that very interesting portion of their possessions more familiarly known, and very few publications at present exist at all calculated to throw light upon the subject.

The original author of this work was Don Juan Ignatius, a native of Chili, and a member of the celebrated order of the Jesuits. On the suppression of that subtle and powerful society, he was expelled from the territories of Spain, and took refuge at Bologna in Italy. As he was particularly eminent for his literary accomplishments, and above all for his knowledge of natural history, it is not surprising that he should be deprived of his collec-

tions and his manuscripts. But it is a real matter of astonishment, that these last, or at least the more important part of them, should ultimately find their way to their author at the place of his Italian residence. As soon as he recovered them, he employed himself in writing the History of Chili, which he published at different periods. The Natural History appeared first in 1787; that of its Civil Policy and Government not till some years afterwards. They were received with particular eagerness in various parts of Europe, and have been translated into the French, German, Spanish, and finally into the English language. The present translation, we understand, was executed in America, but the publication of it here was intrusted to the judgment and superintendence of a gentleman well known in the literary world, and who has performed his part in a manner that must be highly satisfactory to the public and creditable to himself.

The first volume exhibits the natural history of Chili, which is comprised in four chapters. The first comprehends the situation, climate, and natural phenomena of the country. The second treats of waters, earths, stones, salts, bitumens, and metals. The third describes the herbs, shrubs, and trees. The fourth gives the history of the worms, insects, reptiles, fishes, birds, and quadrupeds. Of these last the author thinks that a very great number, greater indeed than is already known, exist as yet undiscovered, and particularly in the region of the Andes. From this part we give the following extract:

"The *pagi* (*felis puma*) called by the Mexicans *mitzli*, and in Peru *puma*, the name by which it is best known to naturalists, has by the Spaniards been denominated the lion, which it resembles in its shape and its roaring, but is wholly destitute of a mane. The hair on the upper part of its body is of a grayish ash colour, marked with yellow spots, and is longer than that of the tiger, particularly on the buttocks, but that on the belly is of a dusky white. Its length from the nose to the root of the tail is about five feet, and its height from the bottom of the foot to the shoulder twenty-six and a half inches. It has a round head, shaped much like that of a cat, the ears are short and pointed, the eyes large with yellow irides, and brown pupils. Its nose is broad and flat, the muzzle short, the upper lip entire and furnished with whiskers, the mouth deep, and the tongue large and rough. In each jaw it has four incisors, four sharp-pointed canine teeth, and sixteen grinders. Its breast is broad, the paws have each five toes armed with very strong nails, and its tail is upwards of two feet in length, and like that of the tiger.

"The number of toes on the hinder feet would alone be a sufficient characteristic to distinguish it from the real lion, which has but four. The *pagi* may, however, be considered as an intermediate species between the lion and the tiger. Its cry, although not so loud, differs not materially from the roaring of the African lion, but in the season of

its loves, becomes changed into a shrill whistle, or rather a frightful hiss like that of a serpent. The female is rather less than the male, and is of a paler colour; like the African lioness, she has two dugs, and brings forth but two young at a time. The season of copulation is the end of winter, and the period of gestation three months.

"Such is the lion of Chili; it may, perhaps, in other parts of America offer some shades of discrimination, as I have been informed that those of Peru have a longer and more pointed muzzle. The pagi inhabits the thickest forests and the most inaccessible mountains, from whence it makes incursions into the plains to attack domestic animals, particularly the horse, whose flesh it prefers to that of any other. In its mode of seizing its prey it resembles the cat; it approaches it by drawing itself upon its belly, glides softly through the shrubs and bushes, conceals itself in the ditches, or, if it shows itself, assumes a mild and fawning appearance, and, watching the favourable opportunity of seizing the animal which it has marked for its victim, at one leap fastens itself upon its back, seizes it with its left paw and teeth in such a manner as to render it impossible for it to escape, while with the right paw in a few minutes it tears it to pieces. It then sucks the blood, devours the flesh of the breast, and carries the carcass into the nearest wood, where it conceals it with leaves and boughs of trees, in order to eat it at its leisure.

"As it is a common practice for the husbandmen to fasten two of their horses together in the fields, whenever the pagi finds them in this situation it kills one and drags it away, compelling the other to follow by striking it from time to time with its paw, and in this manner almost always succeeds in getting possession of both.* Its favourite haunts are the streams to which animals usually repair to drink, where it conceals itself upon a tree, and scarcely ever fails of seizing one of them. The horses, however, have an instinctive dread of these places, and even when pressed by thirst approach them with great precaution, carefully examining upon every side to discover if there is danger. At other times one of the boldest goes forward, and on finding the place secure, gives notice to his companions by neighing in a sprightly manner.

"The cows defend themselves well against the pagi; as soon as he appears they range themselves in a circle round their calves, with their horns turned towards their assailant, await his attack in that position, and not unfrequently destroy him.

"The mares, when there are a number of them, place themselves in the same manner, though in an inverted order, around their colts, and attempt to repel their enemy with their heels; but one of them almost always becomes a victim to this proof of maternal love. All

* "The wolf is said occasionally to adopt a similar mode of securing its prey. I have been assured by an intelligent foreigner, that it is not unfrequent in France for that animal, when the presence of the shepherd, or any other circumstance, prevents it from killing the sheep which it has singled out for its victim at its leisure, to seize it by the wool of the neck, and compel it to go off with it by striking it with its tail.—*Amer. Trans.*"

those animals that have not young, on the approach of the pagi attempt to save themselves by flight; the ass alone, from his want of speed, is compelled to defend himself with his heels, which frequently proves successful; but should the pagi, notwithstanding his efforts, leap upon his back, he immediately throws himself on the ground, and endeavours to crush him, or runs with all his force against the trunks of trees, holding his head down so as not to dislocate his neck. By these means he generally succeeds in freeing himself from his assailant, and there are but few asses destroyed by an enemy so frequently fatal to much stronger animals.

“Notwithstanding his ferocity, the pagi never ventures to attack a man, although he is continually hunted and persecuted by the latter. He is naturally a coward, and a woman or child will make him fly and abandon his prey. He is hunted with dogs trained for the purpose, and when hard pressed by them, either leaps upon a tree, seeks an asylum upon a rock, or placing himself against the trunk of some large tree, defends himself in a furious manner, killing many of his enemies, until the hunter, watching his opportunity, slips a noose around his neck. As soon as the animal finds himself taken in this manner, he roars terribly, and sheds a torrent of tears. The skin serves for various uses; good leather for boots or shoes is manufactured from it, and the fat is considered as a specific in the sciatica.”
Vol. I. p. 244.

To the first volume there is added a methodical table of the various species of natural productions described in the work, a supplement to the table of the vegetable kingdom, and supplementary notes illustrative of the History of Chili.

The second volume is divided into four books, and is peculiarly full of interest and entertainment. The first treats of the origin, &c. of the Chilians, the state of the country before and after the arrival of the Spaniards. The second book gives the history and description of the Araucanians, a brave and gallant people, who long and successfully withstood the combined efforts of the army of Spain. This portion of the work commands the strongest sympathy for the high spirit of independence which marked this nation, evinced in their unyielding and protracted opposition to their powerful and disciplined enemies. From this part it seems due to the author to subjoin an extract.

“Although the Araucanians have long since emerged from a savage state, they nevertheless preserve, in many respects, the prejudices, and the peculiar character of that early period. Proud of their valour and unbounded liberty, they believe themselves the only people in the world that deserve the name of men. From hence it is that besides the appellation of *auca*, or free, which they value so highly, they give themselves metonymically the names of *che*, or the nation;

* See Pennant and Shaw on *Felis Puma*. The latter, has a good figure of the animal. *Rev.*

of *reche*, pure or undegenerated nation; and of *huentu*, men; a word of similar signification with the *vir* of the Latin, and as the latter is the root of the word *virtus*, so from the former is derived *huentugen*, which signifies the same thing.

"From this ridiculous pride proceeds the contempt with which they regard all other nations. To the Spaniards they gave, on their first knowledge of them, the nickname of *chiafi*, vile soldiers, from whence proceeded the denomination of *chiafeton*, by which they are known in South America. They afterwards called them *huinca*; this injurious appellation, which from time and custom has lost its odiousness, comes from the word *huincun*, which signifies to assassinate. It is true that in their first battles the Spaniards gave them too much reason for applying to them these opprobrious epithets, which serve to the present time to denote one of that nation. Esteeming themselves fortunate in their barbarity, they call those Indians who live in the Spanish settlements *calme-huinca*, or wretched Spaniards. To the other Europeans, the English, French, and Italians, whom they readily distinguish from each other, they give the name of *maruche*, which is equivalent to the term *moro*, used by the common people of Spain to denote all strangers indiscriminately. They call each other *pegni*, that is brothers, and even apply the same name to those born in their country of foreign parents.

"The benevolence and kindness with which these people generally treat each other is really surprising. For the word friend they have six or seven very expressive terms in their language, among others that of *canay*, which corresponds to the *alter ego* of the Latins. The relations that result from corresponding situations or common concerns in life are so many ties of regard, and are expressed by appropriate words denoting particular friendship or good will. Those who have the same name call each other *laca*, and those who bear but a part of the name, *apellaca*. These denominations incur an obligation of mutual esteem and aid. Relations by consanguinity are called in general *monmague*, and those of affinity, *guillan*. Their table of genealogy is more intricate than that of the Europeans, all the conceivable degrees of relationship being indicated therein by particular names.

"From the mutual affection that subsists between them, proceeds their solicitude reciprocally to assist each other in their necessities. Not a beggar or an indigent person is to be found throughout the whole Araucanian territory; even the most infirm and incapable of subsisting themselves are decently clothed.

"This benevolence is not, however, confined only to their countrymen; they conduct themselves with the greatest hospitality towards all strangers of whatever nation, and a traveller may live in any part of their country without the least expense.

"Their usual expression whenever they meet, is *marimari*, and when they quit each other *ventemfi*, or *ventini*. [These should be explained.] They are rather tiresome in their compliments, which are generally too long, as they take a pride upon such occasions, as well as every other, in making a display of their eloquence. The right

hand is, among them, as with the Europeans, the most honourable station, contrary to the practice of the Asiatics, with whom the left enjoys that privilege. They are naturally fond of honourable distinction, and there is nothing they can endure with less patience than contempt or inattention. From hence, if a Spaniard speaks to one of them with his hat on, he immediately says to him in an indignant tone, *entugo tami curtesia*, take off your hat. By attention and courtesy, any thing may be obtained from them, and the favours which they receive make an indelible impression upon their minds; while on the contrary, ill treatment exasperates them to such a degree, that they proceed to the greatest excesses to revenge themselves.

"The names of the Araucanians are composed of the proper name, which is generally either an adjective or a numeral, and the family appellation or surname, which is always placed after the proper name, according to the European custom, as *cari-lemu*, green bush: *meli-antu*, four suns. The first denotes one of the family of the *lemus*, or bushes, and the second one of that of the *antus*, or suns. Nor is there scarcely a material object which does not furnish them with a discriminative name. From hence, we meet among them with the families of Rivers, Mountains, Stones, Lions, &c. These families, which are called *cuga*, or *elha*, are more or less respected according to their rank, or the heroes they have given to their country. The origin of these surnames is unknown, but is certainly of a period much earlier than that of the Spanish conquests." Vol. II. p. 110.

There are other peculiarities which distinguish this very singular people, which will well repay the reader's attention; and in particular their military system, their marriage ceremonies, and domestic employments.

The third book contains the history of the wars of the Araucanians with the Spaniards, which is also extended to the fifth, which concludes with an account of the first establishment of peace, and the present state of the country.

To the history is added an Essay on the Chilian language, which will be found in a peculiar degree worth the attention of the philological reader. This essay terminates with a brief vocabulary.

There are two appendixes by the English editor. No I, contains an account of the Archipelago of Chiloe, extracted chiefly from the *Description Historical* of that province by P. F. Pedro Gonzales de Agueros. Madrid, 1791.

No. II. exhibits an account of the native tribes who inhabit the Southern extremity of South America, extracted chiefly from Falkner's *Description of Patagonia*—to the first volume sufficiently explicit for the common purposes of the reader, but it is conceived to be very different from that which accompanied the original work. Altogether it is a publication well edited, interesting and amusing in its contents, and a very acceptable addition to our geographical and statistical collections.

FROM THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

Travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt, and Barbary, during the years 1806 and 1807. By F. A. De Chateaubriand. Translated from the French, by Frederick Shoberl, 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 815. Price 1l. 14s. Colburn. 1811.

IT seems that M. de Chateaubriand, a grandson of the distinguished Malesherbes, has attained much celebrity in France by means of works comparatively very little known in England. The last of these works, preceding this book of Travels, was intitled "The Martyrs; or, the Triumph of the Christian Religion," and is here denominated by the author an epopee. He thought the scenery of that work might be the most effectually poetical by being true to reality; and as his heroes were to be represented accomplishing their labours, and finishing their lives, in several regions of the East, he was desirous that the general ground of the representation should be composed of images immediately taken from the landscapes, the edifices, and whatever is permanent in the manners of the people, of those regions. For this purpose, therefore, as a leading object, he resolved on the adventurous expedition narrated in the present work. He was determined to acquire the power of composing, in effect, in Greece or Palestine, even while sitting in a back parlour of a house in Paris. And never, certainly, was there a more costly preparation for securing the perfection of the secondary parts and merits of a fictitious work; for displaying its personages and transactions on a field characteristically marked in all its features of earth and water, wood and rock; for faithfully exhibiting the appropriate phenomena of the morning and evening in the climate of the Greeks and Hebrews; or for selecting the epithets most accurately expressive of the appearance of marble ruins in the light of the setting sun. So earnest and ambitious an exertion for excellence in the delineation of the scenery, must bring on an author some cause for solicitude and extraordinary effort, lest the story should be less striking than the pictures, and lest his characters, like the people now inhabiting Greece, should seem unworthy of their place.

Two memoirs precede the travelling narration. The first sketches rapidly the history of Athens, from about the age of Augustus, to the present time, and recounts, in order, the travellers who have visited and described it, during the last three centuries. It is briefly noted in what state the monuments were found, at several successive periods; the progress of their dilapidation is thus ascertained; and the memoir closes with expressions of regret. "It is a melancholy reflection, that the civilized

nations of Europe have done more injury to the monuments of Athens in the space of one hundred and fifty years, than all the barbarians together in a long series of ages : it is cruel to think that Alaric and Mahomet II. respected the Parthenon, and that it was demolished by Morosini and Lord Elgin."

The second memoir, a work of much labour, learning, and zeal, is designed to establish the authenticity, indeed the infallibility, of those traditions which have continued through the whole Christian æra, to mark certain places in and near Jerusalem as the precise spots where the most memorable circumstances in the History of Christ and his Apostles took place. The author makes too little allowance for the well known credulity of many of the Christian Fathers, and is not scrupulous of admitting the aid of here and there a groundless assumption ; as, for instance, that the sanctuaries of the Christians, at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, being without the walls, must not have suffered much by the siege. On the whole, however, the argument is ably managed, and rendered very strong. The following paragraph affords a very brief summary of it :

"What an astonishing body of evidence is here! The Apostles saw Jesus Christ, they knew the places honoured by the Son of Man; they transmitted the tradition to the first Christian church of Judea; a regular succession of bishops was established, and religiously preserved the sacred tradition. Eusebius appeared, and the history of the sacred places commenced. It was continued by Socrates, Sozomenes, Theodoret, Evagrius, and St. Jerome. Pilgrims thronged thither from all parts. From this period to the present day, an uninterrupted series of travels for fourteen centuries, gives us the same facts and the same descriptions. What tradition was ever supported by such a host of witnesses? Besides, I have not made all the use of the crusades that I might have done."

It is not easy to ascertain exactly in what degree of faith and submissiveness our traveller is an adherent to the Catholic Church. We have some doubt whether his fidelity is of the most punctilious and reverential kind; partly because we do not discern among these memoranda of a portion of his life the traces of any competent number of ceremonial exercises, (which, however, he might perform and say nothing about); and partly because his observations and reflections sometimes appear to indicate a freer use of his faculties, than a dutiful son of the Romish Church should trust himself to make. At the same time, his veneration for "holy places," his large faith in traditions, and the zeal with which he vindicates Monks and Crusades, certainly look well for his orthodoxy. And it must be acknowledged, too, that he has not sought any subterfuge, from the philosophical ri-

dicule of his countrymen, in professions of being actuated by no other principles than a liberal curiosity and a passion for the arts. On the contrary, he accompanies the mention of these principles, as a subordinate inducement, with a full surrender of himself, at the outset of the work, to the scorn or pity which he lays his account with incurring, by an avowal that his "principal motive" to the journey was one that has nearly ceased to operate in Christendom, in this degenerate age.

"To the principal motive which impelled me, after so many peregrinations, to leave France once more, were added other considerations. A voyage to the east would complete the circle of studies which I had always promised myself to accomplish. In the deserts of America I had contemplated the monuments of nature; among the monuments of man, I was as yet acquainted with only two species of antiquities, the Celtic and the Roman. I had yet to visit the ruins of Athens, of Memphis, and of Carthage. I was therefore solicitous to perform a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.—At the present day it may appear somewhat strange to talk of vows and pilgrimages; but in regard to this subject I have no sense of shame, and have long ranged myself in the class of the weak and superstitious. Probably I shall be the last Frenchman that will ever quit his country to travel to the Holy Land, with the idea, the object, and the sentiments, of an ancient pilgrim. But if I have not the virtues which shone of yore, in the Sires de Coucy, de Nesle, de Castillon, de Monfort, faith at least is left me; and by this mark I might yet be recognized by the ancient crusaders."

He makes commendable haste to reach Greece, and we may as well meet him on the coast of the "Island of Calypso," delivering his observations on the climate and its influence.

"In Greece, a suavity, a softness, a repose, pervade all nature, as well as the works of the ancients. You may almost conceive, as it were by intuition, why the architecture of the Parthenon has such exquisite proportion; why ancient sculpture is so unaffected, so tranquil, so simple, when you have beheld the pure sky, and delicious scenery of Athens, of Corinth, and of Ionia. In this native land of the Muses, nature suggests no wild deviations; she tends, on the contrary, to dispose the mind to the love of the uniform and of the harmonious." V. I. p. 85.

He does not stay to make any explanation or apology in behalf of this delicious and plastic climate, for now producing or permitting such men as the Turks, and such buildings as Mosques. There is not time: for he has hardly ended these observations, before he is carried off, probably by the last of the nymphs or demigods that may have lingered unseen in Greece, and suddenly conveyed into the company of the shades of Homer and Simonides, Aristotle, Philip, Alexander, Cato, Cicero, and other famous personages.

The traveller had reached this station by a circuitous course,—in which he skirted Mount Ithome, passed through a town supposed to stand on the site of Leuctra, had a rude rencontre with two Turkish soldiers, in which he displayed great spirit, and was introduced at Tripolizza, the capital of the Morea, to Osman Pacha, the worthy robber-hunter and chief guardian of the peninsula, from whom he obtained the firman necessary for passing the Isthmus of Corinth. Tripolizza “is a modern town, which appears to have been erected between Mantinea, Tegea, and Orchomenus;” with no local recommendations but that of being central,—the Turks “being perfectly indifferent, in their choice of situations, to the beauties of nature;” in this respect very unlike “the Arabs, for whom the charms of climate and position have strong allurements, and who, to this day, deplore the loss of Granada.” The travelling firman confers privileges which our author was too equitable to exercise :

“You pay for no horses ; the weight of your baggage is fixed ; and wherever you go, you may insist on being gratuitously supplied with provisions. I would not avail myself of these magnificent but odious privileges, which press heavily on a people unfortunate enough without them, but paid wherever I went for my horses and entertainments, like a traveller without protection and without firman.” p. 123.

He passed a small river, bordered with “tall reeds, and beautiful rose-laurels in full flower,” without knowing, at the time, that this river was the Eurotas, and arrived at Misitra. Before entering on the scene that was to excite emotions which will awaken the sympathy and envy of all his readers that have felt the enchantment of Grecian history, but have never trodden the field on which its events and characters were once realities, he gives a very curious description of the heterogeneous assemblage of people among whom he passed the night, in the apartment appropriated to strangers in the house of a principal Turk, and of the wonder, perplexity, and contempt, shewn by a learned and inquisitive “minister of the law,” at the traveller’s first attempt to explain the object of his journey—“to see foreign nations, and especially the Greeks, who were dead.” In a second attempt it occurred to him to say, he was “a pilgrim going to Jerusalem;” on which the doctor of law exclaimed, “Hadgi! hadgi!” (a pilgrim! a pilgrim!) “and was perfectly satisfied.” On which our author observes, “Religion is a sort of universal language understood by all mankind; this Turk was unable to conceive how I could quit my country from the mere motive of curiosity; but that it was perfectly rational that I should undertake a long journey with a view to offer up my prayers at a tomb, to pray to God for some blessing, or for deliverance from some af-

fiction." It does not happen to occur to him, even though he says he has been in England, that there is a very considerable section of the civilized world to which the portion of the "universal language" he has been reciting would be by no means so familiarly intelligible.

At Misitra, the traveller supposed himself to be in Sparta; but, in order to take his gratifications by climax, he chose to spend the first day in visiting some situations of inferior interest, Amyclæ, and other points in the vicinity. And now he was to survey the site and vestiges of a city, the mere name of which has been enough to awaken so many magnificent ideas through so many ages. He had read all the controversies of the geographers and travellers relative to its locality; and had adopted the opinion of those who have maintained, contrary to D'Anville, that Misitra is on the site of the ancient city. With great enthusiasm, therefore, but intensely inquisitive notwithstanding, and well prepared to examine and verify each part of the town, he ascended to the top of the castle. On looking eagerly a little while, he became extremely perplexed and mortified, from the impossibility of arranging the parts into such a locality as he absolutely knew the site of Sparta to have been: he could not even find the Eurotas. Besides, there was not the smallest appearance of the remains of any very ancient structures. He had a guide, a Janissary, and other attendants, whom he impatiently questioned, with great difficulty to make them understand his language, and to understand theirs in reply.

"We all spoke at once,—we bawled, we gesticulated: with our different dresses, language, and physiognomy, we looked like an assembly of demons, perched at sun-set on the summit of these ruins. The woods and cascades of Taygetus were behind us, Laconia, was at our feet, and over our heads the most lovely sky. This Misitra, said I to the Cicerone, is Lacedæmon: Is it not?—Signor! Lacedæmon! What did you say?—rejoined he.—Is not this Lacedæmon or Sparta?—Sparta! What do you mean?—I ask you if Misitra is Sparta.—I don't understand you.—What you a Greek! you a Lacedæmonian! and not know the name of Sparta?—Sparta! Oh, yes! Great republic; celebrated Lycurgus!—Is Misitra then Lacedæmon?—The Greek nodded in affirmation. I was overjoyed.—Now, I resumed, explain to me what I see. What part of the town is that? I pointed at the same time to the quarter before me a little to the right.—Mesochorion, answered he.—That I know perfectly well, but what part of Lacedæmon is it?—Lacedæmon! I don't know.—I was beside myself.—At least show me the river, cried I, and repeated, Potamos, Potamos.—My Greek pointed to the stream called the Jew's River.—What! is that the Eurotas? Impossible! Tell me where is the Vasilipotamos?—The Cicerone, after many gestures, pointed to the right towards Amyclæ.—I was once more involved in all my perplexities."

He was very naturally in extreme vexation to think it should be impossible to find the object of his enthusiasm, even when perfectly certain he must be at least very near it : and that he might after all his expectations, be baffled in his search. He had read, but forgotten, D'Anville's assertion that the true site of Sparta is a place now called Palæochori. As he was going down from the castle, the Greek exclaimed, "your lordship perhaps means Palæochori?"

"At the mention of this name, I recollected the passage of D'Anville and cried out in my turn, "Yes, Palæochori! The old city! Where is that? Where is Palæochori?" "Yonder at Magoula," said the Cicerone, pointing to a white cottage with some trees about it, at a considerable distance in the valley."

His disappointment inspired additional eagerness ; and in the morning before light, he "set off at full gallop for Lacedæmon," attended by a Janissary.

"We had proceeded at that pace for an hour, when at break of day, I perceived some ruins, and a very long wall of antique construction: my heart began to palpitate. The Janissary turning towards me, pointed with his whip to a whitish cottage on the right, and exclaimed with a look of satisfaction, "Palæochori!" I made up towards the principal ruin which I perceived upon an eminence. On turning the eminence by the north-west for the purpose of ascending it, I was suddenly struck with the sight of a vast ruin of a semi-circular form, which I instantly recognized as an ancient theatre. I am not able to describe the confused feelings which overpowered me. The hill at the foot of which I stood, was consequently the hill of the city of Sparta, since the theatre was contiguous to the citadel. The ruin which I beheld on that hill, was of course the temple of Minerva Chalcioecos, since that temple was in the citadel ; and the fragments of the long wall which I had passed lower down, must have formed part of the quarter of the Cynosuri, since that quarter was to the north of the city. Sparta was then before me, and its theatre, to which my good fortune had conducted me on my first arrival, gave me immediately the position of all the quarters and edifices. I alighted, and ran all the way up the hill of the citadel.—Just as I reached the top, the sun was rising behind the hills of Menelaion. What a magnificent spectacle ! but how melancholy ! The solitary stream of the Eurotas running beneath the remains of the bridge Babyx ; ruins on every side, and not a creature to be seen among them. I stood motionless in a kind of stupor at the contemplation of this scene. A mixture of admiration and grief checked the current of my thoughts, and fixed me to the spot : profound silence reigned around me. Determined at last to make echo speak, in a spot where the human voice is no longer heard, I shouted with all my might, "Leonidas ! Leonidas !" No ruin repeated this great name.—When my agitation had subsided, I began to study the ruins around me. The summit of the hill was a platform,

encompassed, especially to the north-west, with thick walls. I went twice round it, and counted one thousand five hundred and sixty ordinary paces, or nearly seven hundred and eighty geometrical paces; but it should be remarked that in this circuit, I comprehend the whole summit of the hill, including the curve formed by the excavation of the theatre in this hill.—It was the theatre that Leroi examined.

“Some ruins partly buried in the ground, and partly rising above the surface, indicate, nearly in the centre of this platform, the foundations of the temple of Minerva Chalcioecos, where Pausanias in vain sought refuge and lost his life. A sort of flight of steps, seventy feet wide, and of an extremely gentle descent, leads from the south side of the hill down to the plain. This was perhaps the way that conducted to the citadel. At the commencement of these steps, and above the theatre, I saw a small edifice of a circular form, three-fourths destroyed: the niches within it seem equally well adapted for the reception of statues or of urns. Is it a tomb? Is it the temple of the Armed Venus?”

After enumerating various other ruins, chiefly the bases of walls, and assigning them to their proper quarter of the city, he continues:

“The whole site of Lacedæmon, is uncultivated: the sun parches it in silence, and is incessantly consuming the marble of the tombs. When I beheld this desert, not a plant adorned the ruins, not a bird, not an insect, not a creature enlivened them, save *millions* of lizards which crawled up and down the sides of the scorching walls. A dozen half wild horses were feeding here and there upon the withered grass, and a shepherd was cultivating a few water-melons in a corner of the theatre.

“Night drew on apace, when I reluctantly quitted these renowned ruins, the shade of Lycurgus, the recollection of Thermopylæ, and all the fictions of fable and history. The sun sank behind the Taygetus, so that I had beheld him commence and finish his course on the ruins of Lacedæmon. It was three thousand five hundred and forty-three years since he first rose and set over this infant city.”

His enthusiasm is not, however, to be engrossed by the illustrious Pagans,—as the sight of Corcyra, (now Corfu) recalls to him names and events filled to awaken some emotions proper to a Christian, and more that are proper to a Catholic. He recollects that this island was an important station in the march of crusades and pilgrimages; but recollects too, that he has the misfortune to live in an age, when such times as these cannot be mentioned “without exciting a smile of compassion in the face of the free-thinker.” He must be left to settle this point of disagreement with the unbelieving generation as he can, with the aid of whatever authority remains to the conclave and the inquisition. But we wish all to join zealously in his quarrel against the age, so far as there is truth in the allegation conveyed in the following ques-

tions : "How is it possible to bring in the names of St. Jason and St. Sopistratus, apostles of the Corcyreans, during the reign of Claudius, after having mentioned Homer, Aristotle, Alexander, Cicero, Cato, and Germanicus? Yet is a martyr to independence a greater character than a martyr to truth? Is Cato, devoting himself for the liberties of Rome, more heroic than Sapistratus, suffering himself to be burned in a brazen bull, for proclaiming to men that they are brethern, that they ought to love and succour one another?"

Our adventurer began his inroad on the Morea, or (Peloponnesus), at Modon, anciently Methone, in Messenia.

"I trod," says he, "the classic soil of Greece, I was but ten leagues from Olympia, thirty from Sparta, on the road which Telemachus followed when repairing to Menelaus to make inquiries respecting his father : and it was not yet a month since I quitted Paris."

Thus far we shall be highly pleased with his rapidity ; and we shall thank him for not having staid to accumulate notes and transcriptions, to the amount of a hundred or two of printed pages, at Venice, Malta, or any such intermediate well known station. But we are not quite so much gratified to see the impetus which has carried him with such velocity to the coast of Greece, continuing to operate, with little remission, for hundreds of leagues.

An Aga at Modon, assured our traveller that he "would find no difficulty in traversing the Morea, because the roads were clear, since examples had been made of three or four hundred of the banditti." While he was amazed to think what a horrible place this Morea must have been a few months before, he received an explanation, which affords a most striking illustration of the benefits derived to a country from the simplicity and efficacy of a Turkish system of police.

"The history of these three or four hundred banditti is as follows : —Near Mount Ithome there was a band of about fifty robbers, who infested the roads. The Pacha of the Morea, Osman Pasha, repaired to the spot ; he surrounded the villages where the robbers were accustomed to take up their quarters. It would have been too tedious for a Turk to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty : all within the Pasha's inclosure were despatched like wild beasts. The robbers, it is true, were exterminated ; but with them perished three hundred Greek peasants, who were accounted as nothing in this affair."

At night he went into a chamber prepared for his repose ; but really we should have thought the worse of him if he had not felt an unusual restlessness ; for he "heard," he says, "the barking of a Laconian dog, and the whistling of the wind of Elis : " "how

then," says he, "was it possible for me to go to sleep?" He set off before day-light; and gives an entertaining description of the cavalcade, the equipment of the men and horses, and the coarse manner of making a repast; "such," he observes, "is now-a-days the mode of travelling in the country of Alcibiades and Aspasia." All his enthusiasm at the thought of the ancient glory of the country, and melancholy at the sight of the present extreme degradation, can never long shut out from his mind the idea of one other country, where he sees that glory rekindled, to dart in its radiance over the whole earth. An opportunity for a triumphant allusion to this later and more magnificent Greece, is presented to him at Coron, the ancient Corone, which was besieged and taken by Morosini, a Venetian general, in 1685.

"At this siege were two of my countrymen. I was pleased to find at my outset, the traces of French honour in the genuine country of glory—in the country of a people who were such good judges of valour. But where are not such traces to be discovered? At Constantinople, at Rhodes, in Syria, in Egypt, at Carthage, I was shewn the camp of the French, the tower of the French, the castle of the French. The Arab has pointed out to me the tombs of our soldiers beneath the sycamores of Cairo, and the Siminole under the oaks of Florida."

It was by association, exclusively, that Greece, thus far, could illuminate our author's imagination with ideas of grandeur: for its aspect was inexpressibly dreary and desolate; the soil bare and barren; some of the streams that existed anciently, dried up; the population reduced to a most diminutive residue of most wretched slaves, infested, ravaged, and half devoured by a slender scattered pack of Turkish wolves; and of course every thing in the form of dwelling and accommodation, at the lowest possibility of meanness. Along with every thing else, in the country, the places of shelter and entertainment for travellers, are going fast to ruin.

"In Turkey all the public institutions owe their existence to private individuals; the state performs nothing for the state. These institutions are the effect of a spirit of religion, and not of the love of country, a sentiment unknown there. Now it is worthy of remark, that all these fountains, all these kans, and all these bridges, are of the earliest times of the empire, and are falling into ruin: I cannot recollect having observed one single modern fabric on the road. Hence we cannot but infer, that the religious fervour of the Mussulmans is abating, and that with the religion, the social order of the Turks draws near to its dissolution."

Just one sample may be given, as a temptation to our genteel tour-makers, who find such severe trials of their fortitude in the

cookery, wines, and window-curtains, of the taverns and hotels, by means of which they barely sustain their valuable lives, while collecting materials for conferring on their country the benefit of a sumptuous quarto,—occupied in great part, with descriptions of those very taverns and hotels.

“ At noon, we discovered a kan (it was at the entrance into Laconia) as wretched as that where we stopped the preceding day, though it was decorated with the Ottoman flag. These were the only two habitations we had met with in a space of twenty-two leagues: so that fatigue and hunger obliged us to make a longer stay than was agreeable in this filthy kennel. The master of the place, an aged Turk, with a most repulsive countenance, was sitting in a loft above the stables of the kan; the goats clambered up to him, and surrounded him with their excrements. In this sweet place he received us, and without condescending to rise from his dunghill, to direct some refreshments to be brought for the Christian dogs, he shouted with a terrible voice, when a poor Greek boy, quite naked, and his body swollen with fever and flogging, brought us some ewe’s milk, in a vessel disgustingly dirty. I was obliged to go out to drink even this at my ease, for the goats and the kids crowded round me to snatch a piece of biscuit which I held in my hand. I had eaten of the bear and the sacred dog with the savages, I have partaken since of the repast of the Bedouins, but I never met with any thing to be compared with this first kan of Laconia. It was nearly on the same spot, however, that the flocks of Menelaus grazed, and that he entertained Telema-chus.”

He compares the emotions with which he entered Athens with those which had been excited by the ruins of Sparta :

“ It is not in the first moment of a strong emotion that you derive most enjoyment from your feelings. I proceeded towards Athens with a kind of pleasure which deprived me of the power of reflection; not that I experienced any thing like what I had felt at the sight of Lacedæmon. Sparta and Athens have, even in their ruins, retained their different characteristics; those of the former are grave, gloomy, and solitary: those of the latter pleasing, light, and social. At the sight of the land of Lycurgus, every idea becomes serious, manly, and profound; the soul, fraught with new energies, seems to be elevated and expanded: before the city of Solon, you are enchanted, as it were, by the magic of genius: you are filled with the idea of the perfection of man, considered as an intelligent and immortal being. The lofty sentiments of human nature, assumed at Athens, a degree of elegance which they had not at Sparta. Among the Athenians, patriotism and the love of independence were not a blind instinct, but an enlightened sentiment, springing from that love of the beautiful in general with which heaven had so liberally endowed them. In a word, as I passed from the ruins of Lacedæmon to the ruins of Athens, I felt that I should have liked to die with Leonidas, and to live with Pericles.”

He was welcomed by his countryman, M. Fauvel, who had resided ten years at Athens, with the title and privileges of consul, but whose taste and actual employments were much more those of an antiquary and artist. Having made himself most minutely acquainted with every part of the city and vicinity, he was as able as he was willing so to guide and instruct the stranger in his observations, that he should see every thing in the best order of succession, from the best points of view, with the clearest explanations, and in the shortest time. This last will be acknowledged a point of no small importance, when it is told,—as we really admire the author's honesty for telling,—that *four or five days* were all the time that could be allowed for his survey of Athens, unless he would have hazarded an incommodious and indefinite delay in the ulterior part of his project. By ardent activity, however, from day-break till dark, he made this diminutive allowance suffice for a short inspection of each of the most remarkable objects, and for many general views of the whole place, from advantageous positions.

He does not profess to be very much of an artist, and his observations are chiefly those of a man of taste, animated by classical recollections, and fully perceiving the superiority of the Athenian genius for the arts over that of any other place or time. He makes some general remarks on the appearance and the character of the monuments. We will transcribe what he says of their colour :

“The first thing that strikes you in the edifice of Athens, is the beautiful colour of those monuments. In our climate, in an atmosphere overcharged with smoke and rain, stone of the purest white soon turns black, or of a greenish hue. The serene sky, and the brilliant sun of Greece, merely communicate to the marble of Paros and Pentelicus, a golden tint, resembling that of ripe corn or the autumnal foliage.”

He set forward on his journey; and at the first village at which he rested a little time, found the conversation of the inhabitants occupied with a recent event,—his short account of which we will transcribe, as another illustration of the state of the people of the modern Peloponnesus :

“A girl of this village having lost her father and mother, and being the mistress of a small fortune, was sent by her relations to Constantinople. At the age of eighteen she returned to her native village. She could speak the Turkish, French, and Italian languages, and when any foreigners passed through the village, she received them with a politeness which excited suspicions of her virtue. The principal peasants had a meeting, in which, after discussing among themselves the conduct of the orphan, they resolved to get rid of a female whom they

deemed a disgrace to the village. They first raised the *sum fixed by the Turkish law for the murder of a Christian woman*; they then broke by night into the house of the devoted victim, whom they murdered; and a man, who was in waiting for the news of the execution, hastened to the Pacha with the price of blood. What caused such an extraordinary sensation among these Greeks of the village was not the atrocity of the deed, but the greediness of the Pasha of the Morea. He, too, regarded the action as a very simple matter, and admitted that he had been paid the sum for an ordinary murder; but observed, that the beauty, the youth, the accomplishments of the orphan, gave him a just claim to a farther indemnity. He therefore despatched two Janissaries the very same day to demand an additional contribution."

M. Chateaubriand advanced with haste towards Athens, examining by the way the ruins of Argos, and the reputed tomb of Agamemnon at Mycenæ. On the isthmus of Corinth, when he saw the sea on the western shore, he was visited with tender and enthusiastic recollections of France, and most painful longings to be once more on its happy soil;—of course to enjoy the full delights of that political freedom, the extinction of which in Greece had made it so dreary a scene: a scene which he expressly exhorts the advocates of despotic governments to visit, in order to witness the tendency and effects of such government,—as if they needed to go so far for the lesson. Our author's patriotism, however, does not seem cooled even by his reflections at the view of the Streight of Salamis. His enthusiasm took a more reasonable, or at least a more intelligible form, at Eleusis; and when, at last, he found himself, early in the morning, on the Sacred Way, advancing towards the spot once illuminated by more genius than ever burned in so concentrated a focus in any other place, since the beginning of time, his "transports," he says, were as great as any that were ever inspired by an initiation in the Mysteries.—At length, "the defile began to widen: we made a circuit round Mount Pæcile, placed in the middle of the road, as if to hide the scenery beyond it, and the plain of Athens suddenly burst upon our view."

"The first thing that struck me was the citadel illumined by the rising sun. It was exactly opposite to me, on the other side of the plain, and seemed to be supported by Mount Hymettus, which formed the back-ground of the picture. It exhibited, in a confused assemblage, the capitals of the Propylæa, the columns of the Parthenon, and the temple of Erectheus, the embrasures of a wall planted with cannon, the Gothic ruins of the Christians, and the edifices of the Mussulmans."

Our traveller, after being detained, at an obscure village not far from Cape Sunium, by a dangerous fever, the consequence of exposure to a burning sun, made the utmost haste through the

islands of the Archipelago to Smyrna ; thence went by land to the Sea of Marmora, spent *five* days at Constantinople, which he thought quite as much as the place deserved, and gladly seized a very advantageous opportunity of sailing for Palestine, in company with two hundred Greek pilgrims who were going to Jerusalem. He looked, in passing, toward the plain of Troy, which he had vainly hoped and once laid his plan to traverse, and reached in safety the Holy Land.

Thus far have we accompanied him ; and we are sorry to have failed in our wish to maintain such a brevity in our abstract as should make it compatible with our room and time to follow him to the conclusion. The failure must be put to the account of the book, which contains so many remarkable things that it is difficult to determine which should receive but a momentary notice, or be passed over in silence. It is of the less consequence as the book appears in a form which will make it accessible to a great number of readers. The author reached Jerusalem, and took up his residence with the hospitable but miserably oppressed inhabitants of the Latin convent ; whence, however, seizing an opportune hour, he immediately sallied on a hazardous excursion to Bethlehem and the Dead Sea, Jericho and the banks of the Jordan. At Jerusalem he remained a very considerable time, examining all its antiquities, and visiting all the " holy places," with indefatigable activity and ever reviving enthusiasm. The superstition which constituted so considerable a part of this enthusiasm seems to have precluded, in almost every instance, all doubt of the truth of the tradition that had marked almost every spot as the precise locality of some event in the sacred history. As to a number of the situations, however, there could be no uncertainty, and as to many of the rest there was a sufficient degree of probability. Much of this portion of the book is very highly interesting ; but we must close it after making one slight extract, descriptive of the Dead Sea, to which he travelled through a country which he describes as more desolate, barren, and dreary, than it is possible to make any reader conceive ;—and this is the appearance of a considerable part of this land, once " flowing with milk and honey, the glory of all lands."

" We descended from the ridges of the mountains, in order to pass the night on the banks of the Dead Sea, and afterwards proceed along the Jordan. On entering the valley our little company drew closer together ; our Bethlehemites prepared their pieces and marched cautiously before. We found, as we advanced, some Arabs of the desert who resort to the lake for salt, and make war without mercy on the traveller. The manners of the Bedouins begin to be corrupted by too frequent communications with the Turks and Europeans ; they murder the traveller whom they were formerly content to rob. We fol-

lowed the fissures formed between the sand-hills in mud baked by the rays of the sun. A crust of salt covered the surface, and resembled a snowy plain, from which a few stunted shrubs raised their heads. We arrived, all at once, at the lake ; I say all at once, because I thought we were yet at a considerable distance from it. No murmur, no cooling breeze announced the approach to its margin. The strand, bestrewed with stones, was hot ; the waters of the lake were motionless, and absolutely dead along the shore.

" It was quite dark. The first thing I did on alighting, was to walk into the lake up to the knees, and to taste the water. I found it impossible to keep it in my mouth. It far exceeds that of the sea in saltiness, and produces upon the lips the effect of a strong solution of alum. Before my boots were completely dry, they were covered with salt ; our clothes, our hats, our hands, were, in less than three hours, impregnated with this mineral.

" We pitched our camp on the brink of the lake, and the Bethlehemites made fire to prepare coffee. There was no want of wood, for the shore was strewed with branches of tamarind-trees brought by the Arabs. Besides the salt which these people find ready formed in this place they extract it from the water by ebullition. Such is the force of habit, that our Bethlehemites, who had proceeded with great caution over the plain, were not afraid to kindle a fire which might so easily betray us.

" My companions went to sleep, while I alone remained awake with our Arabs. About midnight I heard a noise upon the lake. The Bethlehemites told me it proceeded from legions of small fish which come and leap about on the shore. This contradicts the opinion generally adopted, that the Dead Sea produces no living creature. Pococke, when at Jerusalem, heard of a missionary who had seen fish in Lake Asphaltites. Hasselquist and Maundrell discovered shell-fish on the shore.

" The moon, rising at two in the morning, brought with her a strong breeze, which, without cooling the air, produced a slight undulation on the surface of the lake. The waves charged with salt, soon subsided by their own weight, and scarcely broke against the shore. A dismal sound proceeded from the lake of death, like the stifled clamours of the people engulfed in its waters. The dawn appeared on the opposite mountains of Arabia. The Dead Sea, and the valley of the Jordan, glowed with an admirable tint ; but this rich appearance served only to heighten the desolation of the scene. " The shores of the Dead Sea are without birds, without trees, without verdure ; and its waters excessively bitter, and so heavy, that the most impetuous winds can scarcely ruffle their surface." [Having in the morning quit- ted its banks, and advanced to some considerable distance, he says,] " The Arabs all at once stopped, and pointed at something that I had not yet remarked, at the bottom of a ravine. Unable to make out what it was, I perceived what appeared to be sand in motion. On drawing nearer this singular object, I beheld a yellow current which I could scarcely distinguish from the sand on its shores. It was deeply sunk below its banks, and its sluggish stream rolled slowly on. This was the Jordan."

M. Chateaubriand's visit, on his return to Egypt and Barbary, was very transient; and is chiefly remarkable for an examination of the ruins of Carthage, the account of which it was not necessary to introduce by a whole history of the fortunes of that city. —He returned through Spain, in order to inspect the Alhambra, and the other Moorish remains; but he has not taken the opportunity of amplifying his work by describing them.

By reason of the want of a map, we have found our author's account of the ruins of Carthage, confused and imperfect. The slightest sketch would have remedied this evil. He confesses, however, that he "danced on the ruins of Carthage:" as he visited a family, which kept the carnival with dancings though surrounded by Moors and Barbarians. This occurrence gives occasion to some just remarks on the character of nations, and the recollection of a story, that is amusing enough: with it, we conclude our account of these mixed but entertaining volumes:

"The national character cannot be extinguished. Our seamen have a saying, that in founding new colonies, the Spaniards begin with building a church, the English a tavern, and the French a fort, and, I would add, a *ball-room*. When I was in America, on the frontiers of the country of the Savages, I was informed that in the next day's journey I should meet with a countryman of mine among the Indians. On my arrival among the Cayugas, a tribe belonging to the Iroquois nation, my guide conducted me into a forest. In the midst of this forest stood a kind of barn, in which I found about a score of savages of both sexes, bedaubed like conjurers, with their bodies half naked, their ears cut into figures, ravens' feathers on their heads, and rings passed through their nostrils. A little Frenchman, powdered and frizzed in the old fashion, in a pea-green coat, a drugget waistcoat, muslin frill and ruffles, was scraping away on his kit, and making these Iroquois dance to the tune of *Madelon Friquet*. M. Violet, for that was his name, followed the profession of dancing-master among the Savages, by whom he was paid for his lessons in beaver skins and bears' hams. He had been a scullion in the service of General Rochambeau, during the American war; but remaining at New York after the return of the French army, he resolved to give the Americans instructions in the fine arts. His views having enlarged with his success, the new Orpheus resolved to introduce civilization even among the roving hordes of the New World. In speaking to me of the Indians, he always styled them: *Ces messieurs Sauvages*, and *Ces dames Sauvages*. He bestowed great praise on the agility of his scholars, and in truth never did I witness such gambols in my life. M. Violet, holding his fiddle between his chin and his breast, tuned the fatal instrument; he then cried out in Iroquois: *To your places!* and the whole troop fell a capering like a band of demons. Such is the genius of nations!

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION OF AN OURANG-OUTANG.

With Observations on its intellectual Faculties. By Cuvier.

THE female ourang-outang, which forms the subject of my observations, belonged to the same species with the ourang-outangs described by Tulpius, Edwards, Vosmaer, Allamand, and Buffon: it is the *Sima Satyrus* of Linnæus. When erect in its natural position its height did not exceed from 26 to 30 inches: the length of the arms from the armpits to the tips of the fingers was 18 inches, and the lower extremities from the top of the thigh to the tarsus were only from eight to nine inches. The upper jaw had four sharp incisors, the two in the middle were double the breadth of the lateral, two short canine teeth, similar to those of men, and three molaria on each side, with soft tubercles. The lower jaw had also four incisors, two canine teeth, and six molaria, but the incisors were of equal size. The number of the molaria was not complete. The germ of a tooth was seen on each side at the extremity of the upper and under jaws, and it is probable that others would be produced at subsequent periods. The form of these teeth was the same with that of the molaria of men and apes in general.

The hands had five fingers precisely like those of men, only the thumb extended no further than the first joint of the fore finger. The feet also had five toes, but the great toe was placed much lower than that of a man, and in its ordinary position, instead of being parallel to the other toes, it formed with them nearly a right angle. All the toes were similar in structure to the fingers, and were very free in their motions, and the whole of them without exception had nails. It had almost no calves to the legs, or buttocks. The head resembled that of a man, much more than that of any animal; the forehead was high and salient, and the capacity of the cranium was great; but the neck was very short. The tongue was soft and similar to that of other apes;

and, although the lips were extremely thin and scarcely apparent, they possessed the power of extension in a considerable degree. The nose, which was completely flat and on a level with the face at its base, was slightly salient at its extremity, and the nostrils opened downwards. The eyes were like those of other apes, and the ears completely resembled those of men.

The vulva was very small, its labia scarcely perceptible, and the clitoris entirely hid; but on each side of the vulva there was a flesh-coloured streak where the skin seemed to be softer than that of the other parts. Is this an indication of labia? Two mammæ were placed on the breast like those of females. The belly was naturally very large. This animal had neither tail nor callosities.

It was almost entirely covered with a reddish hair, more or less dark in colour, and of various thicknesses on the different parts of the body. The colour of the skin was generally that of slate; but the ears, the eyelids, the muzzle, the inside of the hands and feet, the mammæ, and a longitudinal band on the right side of the belly, were of copper-coloured skin. The hair of the head, of the fore arms, and of the legs, was of a deeper red than that of the other parts; and on the head, the back, and the upper part of the arms it was thicker than any where else: the belly was but scantily supplied with it, and the face still less: the upper lip, the nose, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet, alone were bare. The nails were black, and the eyes brown. All the hair was woolly, that of the fore-arm grew upwards, as did that of the arm downwards to the elbow. The hair of the head, which was harder in general than that of the other parts, grew forward. The skin, but chiefly that of the face, was coarse and rough, and that under the neck was so flabby that the animal seemed to have a goitre when lying on its side.

The ourang-outang in question was entirely formed for living among trees. When it wanted to ascend a tree, it laid hold of the trunk or branches with its hands and feet, making use of its arms only and not of its thighs, as a man would do in similar circumstances. It could pass easily from one tree to another when the branches met, so that in a thick forest it would never be necessary for it to descend to the ground, on which it moves with considerable difficulty. In general, all its motions are slow, but they seem to be painful when it is made to walk from one place to another: at first it rests its two hands on the ground, and brings its hinder parts slowly forward until its feet are between its hands or fore paws; afterwards, supporting itself on its hind legs, it advances the upper part of its body, rests again on its hands as at first, and thus moves forward. It is only when we take it by one hand that it walks on its feet, and in this case it uses its other hand to

support it. I have scarcely ever seen it stand firmly on the sole of the foot; most frequently it only rested on the outer edge, apparently desirous of preserving its toes from all friction on the ground; nevertheless it sometimes rested on the whole of the foot, but in this case it kept the two last phalanges bent inwards except the great toe, which was stretched out. When resting, it sat on its buttocks with its legs folded under it in the manner of the inhabitants of the East. It lay indiscriminately on its back or on its side, drawing up its legs and crossing its hands over its breast; and it was fond of being covered, for it drew over it all the clothes it could reach.

This animal used its hands in all the essential motions in which men employ theirs; and it is evident that it only requires experience to enable it to use them on almost every occasion. It generally carried its food to its mouth with its fingers; but sometimes also it seized it with its long lips; and it was by suction that it drank, like all other animals which have lips capable of being lengthened. It made use of its sense of smelling in order to decide upon the nature of the aliments which were presented to it, and which it was not acquainted with, and it seemed to consult this sense with great assiduity. It ate, almost indiscriminately, fruit, pulse, eggs, milk, and animal food: bread, coffee, and oranges, were its most favourite aliments; and it once emptied an ink-bottle which came in its way, without being incommoded. It had no particular times for going to meals, and ate at all seasons like an infant. Its sight and hearing were good. Music made no impression upon it. The *mammiferæ* are not formed by nature to be sensible to its charms, none of their wants seem to require it, and even with mankind it is an artificial want; on savages it has no other effect than a noise would have.

When defending itself, our ourang-outang bit and struck with its hands; but it was only against children that it showed any roguery, and it was always caused by impatience rather than anger. In general it was gentle and affectionate, and seemed to delight in society. It was fond of being caressed, gave real kisses, and seemed to experience a great deal of pleasure in sucking the fingers of those who approached it; but it did not suck its own fingers. Its cry was guttural and sharp, but it was only heard when it eagerly wanted any thing. All its signs were then very expressive; it darted its head forward in order to show its disapprobation, pouted when it was not obeyed, and when angry it cried very loudly, rolling itself on the ground. On these occasions its neck was prodigiously swelled.

By the above description, it will be seen that the ourang-outang in question had attained a size sufficiently great for its age, which was not more than 15 or 16 months; its teeth, limbs, and powers,

were almost perfect; whence it may be inferred that it had nearly acquired its full growth, and that its life does not extend beyond 25 years.

We know that the faculties of the understanding are not developed until the organs are formed: we are at liberty to suppose, therefore, that if our ourang-outang had arrived at an adult age, she would have exhibited phenomena still more curious than those which we have to detail; but, if we reflect that this animal was scarcely 16 months old when it died, we shall find plenty of subjects of astonishment in the observations which it afforded, and of which we are about to give an account.

Nature has given the ourang-outang but few means of defence. Next to man, it is an animal perhaps which finds in its own resources the feeblest defence against dangers: but in recompence it has a great facility in ascending trees, and thus escaping the enemies which it cannot combat. During the first week after its embarkation this ourang-outang evinced great fears for its safety, and seemed greatly to exaggerate the dangers of the rolling of the vessel. It never ventured to walk, without firmly grasping in its hands the ropes or other parts of the vessel. The means employed by the ourang-outangs in defending themselves, are in general those which are common to all timid animals,—artifice and prudence: but the former have a strength of judgment far superior to the latter, and which they employ occasionally to remove enemies from them who are stronger. This was proved to us in a very remarkable manner by the animal in question. Living in a state of liberty, he was accustomed in fine weather to visit a garden, where he could take exercise in the open air by ascending and sitting among the trees. One day that it was perched on a tree, a person approached it as if with an intention to catch it; but the animal instantly laid hold of the adjoining branches and shook them with all its force, as if it was his intention to frighten the person who attempted to ascend, by suggesting the risk of his failing. This experiment was frequently made with the same results. In whatever way we regard the above action, it must be impossible for us to overlook the result of a combination of acute intelligence, or to deny to the animal the faculty of *generalizing*.

The natural wants of the ourang-outangs are so easily satisfied, that these animals must find in their organization resources enough, not to compel them to a great exertion of their intellectual faculties in this respect. Fruits are their principal food, and, as we have already seen, their limbs are peculiarly adapted for ascending trees. It is probable, therefore, that, in their state of nature, these animals employ their intelligence much oftener to preserve themselves from harm than to procure food. But all

their habits must change, the instant they are in the society or under the protection of men: their dangers must be diminished, and their wants increased. This is evinced by all the domestic animals, and *à fortiori* by our ourang-outang. In short, its intelligence was much more frequently called into action to satisfy its wants than to avert danger. I ought to place in this first division a custom of this animal, which appeared to be a phenomenon of instinct, the only one of the kind which it exhibited. While the season did not admit of its leaving the house, it practised a custom which appeared singular, and which was at first difficult to account for: this consisted in mounting upon an old desk to perform the functions of nature; but as soon as the warmth of spring admitted of its going into the garden, this extraordinary custom was accounted for: it never failed to ascend a tree when it wanted to perform these functions, and this method has even been resorted to, with success, as a remedy for its habitual constipation: when it did not ascend the tree of itself, it was placed upon it; and, if its efforts produced no evacuation, it was a proof that bathing was necessary.

We have already seen that one of the principal wants of our ourang-outang was to live in society, and to attach itself to persons who treated it with kindness. For M. Decaen it had a particular affection, of which it gave daily proofs. One morning it entered his apartment while he was still in bed, and threw itself upon him, embracing him strongly, and applying its lips to his breast which it sucked as it used to do his fingers. On another occasion it gave him a still stronger proof of its attachment. It was accustomed to come to him at meal times, which it knew very well, in expectation of victuals. With this view it leapt up behind his chair, and perched upon the back of it; when he gave it what he thought proper. On his arrival in Spain, M. Decaen went ashore, and another officer of the ship supplied his place at table; the ourang-outang placed itself on the back of the chair as usual; but as soon as it perceived a stranger in its master's place, it refused all food, threw itself on the floor, and rolled about in great distress, frequently striking its head and moaning bitterly. I have frequently seen it testify its impatience in this way: when any thing was refused which it wanted, not being able or not daring to attack those who opposed its wishes, it would throw itself on the floor, strike its head, and thereby endeavour to excite interest or pity in a more lively manner. This method of expressing sorrow or anger is not observable in any animal, man excepted. Was this ourang-outang led to act in this manner from the same motives which actuate us in similar circumstances? I am inclined to answer this question in the affirmative: for in its passion it would occasionally raise its head from the ground and

suspend its cries, in order to see if it had produced any effect on the people around, and if they were disposed to yield to its entreaties: when it thought there was nothing favourable in their looks or gestures, it began crying again.

This desire for marks of kindness generally led our ourang-outang to search for persons whom it knew, and to shun solitude, which seemed to displease it so much that one day it employed its intelligence in a singular way to break loose from it. It was shut into a closet adjoining the room where the people of the house usually met; several times it ascended a chair in order to open the door, which it effected, as the chair usually stood near the door, which was fastened with a latch. In order to prevent it from repeating this operation, the chair was removed some distance from the door: but scarcely was it shut when it again opened, and the ourang-outang was seen descending from the chair, which it had pushed towards the door in order to enable it to reach the latch. Can we refuse to ascribe this action to the faculty of generalizing? It is certain that the animal had never been taught to make use of a chair for opening doors, and it had never even seen any person do so. All that it could learn from its own experience was, that by mounting upon a chair it could raise itself to a level with things that were higher than it; and it may have seen from the actions of others that chairs might be moved from one place to another, and that the door in question was moved by lifting the latch: but these very ideas are generalizations, and it is only by combining them with each other, that the animal could have been led to the action which we have related. I do not think that any other animal ever carried the force of reasoning further. To conclude:—men were not the only beings of a different species to which the ourang-outang attached itself: it conceived an affection for two cats, which was sometimes attended with inconvenience: it generally kept one or other under its arm, and at other times it placed them on its head; but as on these various movements the cats were afraid of falling, they seized with their claws the skin of the ourang-outang, which patiently endured the pain which it experienced. Twice or thrice indeed it attentively examined their feet, and after discovering their nails, it attempted to remove them, but with its fingers only: not being able to accomplish this object, it seemed resigned to the pain they gave it, rather than renounce the pleasure of toying with the animals. This desire of placing the cats on its head was displayed on a great many other occasions, and I never was able to divine the cause of it. If some small pieces of paper fell into its hands, it raised them to its head, and it did the same with ashes, earth, bones, &c.

It has already been mentioned that it took its food with its

hands or mouth; it was not very expert in handling our knives and forks, and in this respect it resembled some savages whom we have heard of, but it made up for its awkwardness by its ingenuity: when the meat which was on its plate did not lie conveniently for its spoon, it gave the spoon to the person next it, in order that he might fill it. It drank very well out of a glass, which it could hold in its two hands. One day, after having put down the glass, it saw that it was likely to fall, and it instantly placed its hand at the side to which the glass inclined, and thereby saved it. Several persons were witnesses to these circumstances.

Almost all animals have occasion to protect themselves against the effects of cold, and it is probable that the ourang-outangs are in this predicament in the rainy season. I am ignorant of the means resorted to by them in their state of nature, but our ourang-outang almost continually kept itself covered. When on ship-board, it laid hold of every thing that came in its way; and, when a sailor had lost any of his clothes, he was sure to find them in the ourang-outang's bed. The care which it took to keep itself covered furnished us with an excellent proof of its intelligence, and proved not only that it could generalize its ideas, but that it had the sentiment of future wants. Its coverlid was spread every day, on a piece of grass in the garden, in front of the dining room, and every day after dinner it went straight to the garden, took its coverlid upon its shoulders, and leaped upon the shoulders of a domestic that he might carry it to bed. One day that its upper covering was not in its usual place, it searched until it found it, and then threw it over its shoulders as usual.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT OF THE GEYSERS.

(From Hooker's Journal of a Tour in Iceland.)

THIS morning we had rain and squalls. After breakfast the priest came down and begged that he might be allowed to accompany me to the Geysers; but this I could by no means consent to, as it was my full intention to proceed to Hecla, and to return by another rout. He insisted, however, upon conducting me some way on my road, and especially across a river, which he called Brueraa, and which, owing to the late wet weather, he thought might probably be too deep to cross to-day. He accordingly went to his wardrobe in the church, dressed himself in his

best clothes, and was ready to start with us. We continued our journey along the foot of a barren mountain, at no great distance from the marshes. Here and there, indeed, we met with a few stunted birch trees, but no plants that I had not seen elsewhere. Leaving the mountain, and crossing a disagreeable swamp, we, in about two or three hours, arrived at the most fordable part of the Brueraa. There was already a party of horsemen, resting their horses a little, to prepare them for the fatigue of passing through this stream, the bottom of which is exceedingly rocky, and the river itself both wide and deep, but at this time considered fordable. The packages of fish, wool, &c., were carefully fastened by ropes to the top of the horses' backs, so that they might be as little exposed to the water as possible; and the horses, being then tied in a line one behind the other, all reached the opposite shore in safety, though the smaller ones were compelled to swim. A foal, which was tied by the neck to the tail of its mother, was dragged through, and landed on the other side of the river, more dead than alive, through fear and cold. Our party followed, and was equally fortunate in getting over without any accident (except the wetting of the luggage and ourselves,) though the water reached to the middle of the body of our tallest horses. Here, after procuring us some milk from a cottage close by, the priest took his leave of us. In the vicinity of the house were two or three boiling springs which were used by the inhabitants for the purpose of cooking, as well as for that of washing their clothes. At a few miles distance, on our right, we saw a very considerable column of steam, rising from the marshes, at a place which the guides called Reykum;* and which they said I might visit on my way to Skalholt. Our journey now lay either entirely over a morass, which proved extremely fatiguing to our horses, or upon the edge of it, where a quantity of loose soil had been washed down from the mountains by the torrents, and was scarcely more firm. At about five o'clock in the afternoon we obtained the first view of the mountain, called Laugerfell, from which the Geysers spring. It is of no great elevation, and according to Sir John Stanley, who had an opportunity of ascertaining by admeasurement, rises only three hundred and ten feet above the course of a river which runs at its foot. It is, however, remarkable for its insulated situation; being entirely surrounded by a morass, which extends for a very considerable way in every direction, except towards the north, where it is

* This is not the Reykum, or Rykum, which Sir John Stanley has given so full and so admirable an account of: many places are called by this and similar names, derived from the Icelandic word Rejk, or Reyk, which signifies smoke; such are Reykholt, Reikevig, Reikholtsdal, Reikanaes, &c.

not separated by an interval of more than half a mile from higher mountains. The north side is perpendicular, barren, and craggy; the opposite one rises with a tolerably gradual ascent, and from this near its base, we saw a number of columns of steam mounting to various heights. We quickened our pace, and at eight o'clock arrived at the foot of the hill. Here I left my horses, &c. to the care of the guides, and hastened among the boiling springs, happy in the prospect of soon beholding what may justly be considered as one of the most extraordinary operations of nature. The lower part of the hill was formed into a number of mounds, composed of what appeared to be clay or coarse bolus, of various sizes: some of them were yellowish white, but the greater number of the colour of dull red brick. Interspersed with them here and there, lay pieces of rock, which had rolled, or been washed down by the rains, from the higher parts of the mountain. On these mounds, at irregular distances, and on all sides of me, were the apertures of boiling springs, from some of which were issuing spouts of water, from one to four feet in height; while in others, the water rose no higher than the top of the basin, or gently flowed over the margin. The orifices were of various dimensions, and either covered on their sides and edge with a brownish siliceous crust, or the water only boiled through a hole in the mound, and became turbid by admixture with the soil, which coloured it either with red, dirty yellow, or gray. Upon the heated ground, in many places, were some extremely beautiful, though small, specimens of sulphuric efflorescence, the friability of which was such, that, in spite of the utmost care, I was not capable of preserving any in a good state. I did not remain long in this spot, but directed my steps to the loftiest column of steam, which I naturally concluded arose from the fountain that is alone, by way of distinction called the Geyser. It lies at the opposite extremity of this collection of springs, and I should think full half a quarter of a mile distant from the outermost ones which I first arrived at. Among numerous small ones, I passed three or four apertures of a considerable size, but all so much inferior to the one I was now approaching, that they scarcely need any farther notice. It was impossible, after having read the admirable descriptions of the Geyser, given by the Archbishop Von Troil and Sir John Stanley,* and especially after having seen the engra-

* I need scarcely refer my readers for a more full account of the Geyser than it is in my power to give, to the letters of Von Troil, who accompanied Sir Joseph Banks in his voyage to Staffa and Iceland: the work is too well known to every one. The two excellent letters of Sir John Stanley on the hot springs near Rykum, and on those near Haukardal, are to be found in the third volume of the *Transactions of the Society of Edinburgh*. In the same volume, also, is to be met with a full account of the analysis of the water of the hot springs, by the late Dr. Black, of Edinburgh.

vings made from drawings taken by the last-mentioned gentleman, to mistake it. A vast circular mound (of a substance which I believe was first ascertained to be siliceous by Professor Bergman,) was elevated a considerable height above those that surrounded most of the other springs. It was of a brownish gray colour, made rugged on its exterior, but more especially near the margin of the basin, by numerous hillocks of the same siliceous substance, varying in size, but generally about as large as a molehill, rough with minute tubercles, and covered all over with a most beautiful kind of efflorescence; so that the appearance of these hillocks has been aptly compared to that of the head of a cauliflower. On reaching the top of this siliceous mound, I looked into the perfectly circular basin,* which gradually shelved down to the mouth of the pipe or crater in the centre, whence the water issued. This mouth lay about four or five feet below the edge of the basin, and proved, on my afterwards measuring it, to be as nearly as possible seventeen feet distant from it on every side; the greatest difference in the distance not being more than a foot. The inside was not rugged, like the outside; but apparently even, although rough to the touch, like a coarse file: it wholly wanted the little hillocks and the efflorescence of the exterior, and was merely covered with innumerable small tubercles, which, of themselves, were in many places polished smooth by the falling of the water upon them. It was not possible now to enter the basin, for it was filled nearly to the edge with water, the most pellucid I ever beheld, in the centre of which was observable a slight ebullition, and a large, but not dense, body of steam, which, however, increased both in quantity and density from time to time, as often as the ebullition was more violent. At nine o'clock I heard a hollow subterraneous noise, which was thrice repeated in the course of a few moments; the two last reports following each other more quickly than the first and second had done. It exactly resembled the distant firing of cannon, and was accompanied each time with a perceptible, though very slight, shaking of the earth; almost immediately after which, the boiling of the water increased, together with the steam, and the whole was violently agitated. At first, the water only rolled without much noise over the edge of the basin, but this was almost instantly followed by a jet,† which did not rise above ten

* To compare great things with small, the shape of this basin resembles that of a saucer with a circular hole in its middle.

† I have followed Sir John Stanley in using the word *jet* for the sudden shooting of the water into the air, which continues but a few seconds, because I do not know that we have any term more applicable in our language. The French employ the word *élancement* in the same sense, which seems to convey a better idea of the thing, but cannot well be made into English.

or twelve feet, and merely forced up the water in the centre of the basin, but was attended with a loud roaring explosion : this jet fell as soon as it had reached its greatest height, and then the water flowed over the margin still more than before, and in less than half a minute a second jet was thrown up in a similar manner to the former. Another overflowing of the water succeeded, after which it immediately rushed down about three-fourths of the way into the basin. This was the only discharge of the Geyser that happened this evening. Some one or other of the springs near us was continually boiling ; but none was sufficiently remarkable to take off my attention from the Geyser, by the side of which I remained nearly the whole night, in anxious but vain expectation of witnessing more eruptions. It was observed to us by an old woman, who lived in a cottage at a short distance from the hot springs, that the eruptions of the Geyser are much most frequent, when there is a clear and dry atmosphere, which generally attends a northerly wind, and we had the good fortune of being enabled to ascertain the accuracy of her observations, the wind, which had hitherto continued to the south-west, having this evening veered about to the north. At twenty minutes past eleven on the following morning, I was apprised of an approaching eruption by subterraneous noises and shocks of the ground, similar to those which I had felt the preceding day ; but the noises were repeated several times, and at uncertain, though quick recurring intervals. I could only compare them to the distant firing from a fleet of ships on a rejoicing day, when the cannon are sometimes discharged singly and sometimes two or three, almost at the same moment. I was standing at the time on the brink of the basin, but was soon obliged to retire a few steps by the heaving of the water in the middle, and the consequent flowing of its agitated surface over the margin, which happened three separate times in about as many minutes. I had waited here but a few seconds, when the first jet took place, and this had scarcely subsided before it was succeeded by a second, and then by a third, which last was by far the most magnificent, rising in a column that appeared to us to reach not less than ninety feet in height, and to be in its lower part nearly as wide as the basin itself, which is fifty-one feet in diameter. The bottom of it was a prodigious body of white foam ; higher up, amidst the vast clouds of steam that had burst from the pipe, the water was seen mounting in a compact column, which at a still greater elevation, burst into innumerable long and narrow streamlets of spray, that were either shot to a vast height in the air in a perpendicular direction, or

thrown out from the side, diagonally, to a prodigious distance.* The excessive transparency of the body of water, and the brilliancy of the drops as the sun shone through them, considerably added to the beauty of the spectacle. As soon as the fourth jet was thrown out, which was much less than the former, and scarcely at the interval of two minutes from the first, the water sunk rapidly in the basin, with a rushing noise, and nothing was to be seen but the column of steam, which had been continually increasing from the commencement of the eruption, and was now ascending perpendicularly to an amazing height, as there was scarcely any wind, expanding in bulk as it rose, but decreasing in density, till the upper part of the column gradually lost itself in the surrounding atmosphere. I could now walk in the basin to the margin of the pipe, down which the water had sunk about ten feet, but it still boiled, and every now and then furiously, and with a great noise, rose a few feet higher in the pipe, then again subsided, and remained for a short time quiet. This continued to be the case for some hours. I measured the pipe, and

* Darwin, in his *Botanic Garden*, vol. i. page 123, has a few lines upon the Geyser, which are rather more poetical than correct:

“High in the frozen north where Hecla glows,
And melts in torrents his coeval snows;
O'er isles and oceans sheds a sanguine light,
And shoots red stars amid the ebon night;
When, at his base entombed, with bellowing sound
Fell Geyser roar'd and struggling, shook the ground;
Pour'd from red nostrils, with her scalding breath,
A boiling deluge o'er the blasted heath;
And wide in air its misty volumes hurl'd
Contagious atoms o'er the alarmed world:
Nymphs, your bold myriads broke the infernal spell,
And crush'd the sorceress in her flinty cell.”

In these two last lines the Doctor alludes, as he tells us in a note, to the eruption of a volcano which happened subsequently to the time of Sir Joseph Banks' being there, and which extended as far as the Geysers, and overflowed them with its lava. Whence he could have obtained this piece of information, I am at a loss to guess: certainly it was not from any book of good authority, for no such circumstance has happened.—This reminds me of a similar error in Dr. Adam's *Geography*, where it is said that Hecla is constantly spouting out fire and hot water, and with regard to the religion of the Icelanders, that most of them are Lutherans, but that there are some Pagans. The Tatsroed, who possesses a very mild temper, which I never saw ruffled even in trying circumstances, was still unable to restrain himself when he pointed out these inaccuracies to me, and denied the veracity of them, with considerable warmth: quoting passages from English authors who had written previously to the time of Dr. Adam, and who had stated the facts as they really were. He begged me, on my return, to make Dr. Adam acquainted with the incorrectness of his remarks upon Iceland, that they might be altered in a future edition of his work. But the time is past; for the worthy Doctor is dead;—“*Requiescat in pace.*”

found it to be exactly seventeen feet over, and, as I have before mentioned, situated in the very centre of the basin, which was fifty-one feet in diameter. The pipe opens into the basin, with a widened mouth, and then gradually contracts for about two or three feet, where it becomes quite cylindrical, and descends vertically to the depth, according to Povelsen and Olafsen, of between fifty and sixty feet. Its sides are smooth, and covered with the same siliceous incrustation as the basin. It was full twenty minutes after the sinking of the water from the basin, before I was able to sit down in it or to bear my hands upon it without burning myself. At half past two o'clock it was again nearly filled, the water having risen gradually, but at intervals, attended every now and then with a sudden jet, which, however did not throw it more than two or three feet higher than the rim of the basin. A few minutes after, there was a slight eruption, but the greatest elevation to which the water was ejected was not above twelve feet. At four o'clock in the afternoon my guide was witness to another, while I was away. I had been visiting the other hot springs, and, amongst them, that which Sir John Stanley calls the Roaring Geyser, in which, though the water rose and fell several feet at uncertain intervals, and was frequently boiling with a loud and roaring noise, I still did not perceive that it ever flowed over the margin of the aperture. Its pipe, or well, does not descend perpendicularly, but after going down some way in a sloping direction, seems to continue in a nearly horizontal course. Around its mouth lies a considerable quantity of red earth, or bolus, and on one side of it I observed, what appeared to me, a curious mineralogical production: it was imbedded in a hard kind of rock, but was of itself exceedingly brittle, and apparently fibrous; looking much like asbestos, but materially differing from that mineral in its extremely fragile nature. On going to the foot of the hill, near the spot where the waters of the Geyser join a cold stream, among the numerous rills which the heated water had formed, I met with some uncommonly beautiful specimens of incrustations. Every blade of grass and every leaf or moss that was washed by these waters, was clothed with a thin covering of the same siliceous substance as the great basin was composed of, but of so delicate a nature that it was scarcely possible, even with the utmost care, to bring any of them away perfect. I remarked, in particular, a *Fungermannia (asplenoides)* so beautifully coated with this incrustation, that it looked as if it were a model of the plant in plaster of Paris. One specimen was so protected under the shelter of larger plants incrustated together, that I was able to convey it in safety to Reikevig. The plants I met with by the side of the river, which I had not remarked before, were *Carex Bellardi* and a new spe-

cies, *Koenigia islandica* in great profusion, and *Funaria hygrometrica*. Leaving the river, I walked over several vast mounds of red earth, at the north end of the Geyser, in my way to the top of the mountain. Here and there a boiling spring was forcing its turbid and discoloured waters through holes in the surface. Some were completely in the thick muddy state of a puddle, and were bubbling, as any glutinous substance would do over a fire. In many places was heard a rumbling noise like the subterraneous boiling of water, although there was no orifice near, by which the fluid could make its escape. On these spots, which were so much heated by subterraneous streams that I could scarcely bear my hands upon the ground, I found a great profusion of *Riccia glauca*,* growing in patches, and extending almost uninterruptedly over a space of ten or twelve feet in diameter. The soil for more than half way up the mountain was composed of a coarse reddish kind of earth, intermixed with some other of a dirty yellow colour, with small intervals of hard rock, and with this terminated the highest of the hot springs, which however was but a feeble one. Thence to the summit the mountain was entirely formed of a loosely laminated rock, whose strata seemed to lie in almost every direction, but chiefly vertically. There was no appearance whatever of any part of the hill having been in a state of fusion. Many of the strata were still in their original bed, and the pieces which had fallen from them had their edges very sharply defined, and had broken off in laminæ of about an inch in thickness. The stone is extremely hard and compact, of a rusty brown colour, in some specimens more inclining to gray, and with a perfectly smooth and flat surface. Sir John Stanley supposes that its substance is chiefly argillaceous, and that, like every other stone in the island, it has undergone some change by fire. I met with nothing remarkable on the summit, where there is a considerable extent of flat surface, almost covered with *Trichostomum canescens*, intermixed with the *Lichen islandicus*; and from each extremity of this plain arises a conical eminence, unequal in height, of the same nature as the rock it springs from, and producing no plants that are not to be seen equally abundant in various other parts of the country. The most scarce were *Trichostomum ellipticum*, which grows in tolerable plenty upon the dry rocks, and *Andraea Rothii*, which, though it has been found in but few countries, is very abundant in Iceland. The top of Laugerfell afforded me a very commanding prospect. Just beneath me, facing the south-east, was to be seen at one view the

* I think, but dare not trust too implicitly to my memory, that I saw abundance of it in fructification. I made no memorandum on this subject, and the specimens which were intended to enable me to answer this, as well as other questions relative to natural history, were all unhappily lost.

steam rising from upwards of a hundred boiling springs, among which the great Geyser, from its regularly circular figure, looked like an artificial reservoir of water. A little stream at the bottom of the hill formed the boundary to these, beyond which was an extensive morass, whose sameness was only interrupted by the rather wide course of the river Hvítá, winding through it. The view was terminated, in that quarter of the compass, by a long range of flat and tame mountains, over which towered the three-pointed and snow-capped summit of Hecla, which rises far above the neighbouring hills, and is, in clear weather, plainly visible when standing by the Geyser. In the north-east was situated the church and farm of Haukardal, and a continuation of the morass, bounded by some lofty jökuls of fantastic shapes. In the north-west, at a small distance from the place where I stood, and, indeed, only separated from it by a narrow portion of the morass, with a small river winding through it, rose another chain of mountains, thinly covered with vegetation, beyond which some jökuls showed their white summits. In the south the morass was extended almost to the coast, and looked like a great sea, having three or four rather lofty, but completely insulated mountains, with flat summits, rising from its bosom. It was my custom, during my stay in this place, to cook my provisions in one or other of the boiling springs; and accordingly, a quarter of a sheep was this day put into the Geyser, and Jacob left to watch it, holding it fastened to a piece of cord, so that, as often as it was thrown out by the force of the water, (which very frequently happened) he might readily drag it in again. The poor fellow, who was unacquainted with the nature of these springs, was a good deal surprised; at the time when he thought the meat nearly cooked sufficiently, he observed the water in a instant sink down, and entirely disappear; not rising again till towards evening. We were therefore obliged to have recourse to another spring, and found, that, in all, it required twenty minutes to perform the operation properly. It must be remembered, however, that the quarter of an Icelandic sheep is very small, perhaps not weighing more than six pounds, and is moreover extremely lean. I do not apprehend that longer time would have been necessary to have cooked it in an English kitchen; for the hot springs in Iceland, at least such of their waters as are exposed to the air, are never of a greater heat than 212° of Fahrenheit; so that when I hear travellers speaking of having boiled their eggs in two minutes in such springs, or of having cooked their meat in a proportionably short space of time, I do not doubt the fact, but I must be allowed to suspect that their victuals would not be dressed to my taste. The next eruption of the Geyser, which took place at half past nine, was a very magnificent one, and preceded by more

numerous shocks of the ground and subterraneous noises, than I had yet witnessed. The whole height to which the greatest jet reached, could not be so little as a hundred feet. It must be observed, however, that I had no instruments with me for measuring elevations, and therefore could only judge by my eye; Jacob and myself watching at the same time, and each giving his estimate. The difference between us was but trifling, and I always took the lowest calculation. My method was, to compare the height of the water with the diameter of the basin, which I knew to be fifty-one feet, and this jet was full twice that height. The width of the stream is not equally easily determined by the eye, on account of the stream and spray that envelopes it: in most instances, not more, probably, than eighteen or twenty feet of the surface of the water is cast into the air; but it occasionally happens, as was the case now, that the whole mass, nearly to the edge of the basin, is at once heaved up: all however is not spouted to an equal height; for the central part rises the highest, but having gained some elevation, the spray divides, and darts out little jets on every side, that fall some way over the margin of the basin. After this last discharge, the water subsided about fifteen feet in the pipe, and so remained some time; but in about two hours the funnel was filled to within two feet of the edge. As often as I tried the heat of the water in the pipe, I always found it to be 212° ; but when the basin was filled, on immersing the thermometer as far from the margin as I could reach with my arm, I found the heat never more than 180° ; although in the centre it was boiling at the same time. It seems probable that the height to which the Geyser throws its waters may have increased in the course of a few years; as when Sir Joseph Banks visited Iceland in 1772, the greatest elevation to which the water rose was ascertained to be sixty feet; while in the year 1789, its height was taken by a quadrant, by Sir John Stanley, and found to be between ninety and one hundred feet, and this day if I am not mistaken, it was still greater. Povelsen and Olafsen were probably deceived when they imagined they saw the loftiest jets reach to the height of sixty toises, or three hundred and sixty feet. Previous to the last eruption, Jacob and myself amused ourselves with throwing into the pipe a number of large pieces of rock and tufts of grass, with masses of earth about the roots; and we had the satisfaction to find them all cast out at the eruption, and many of them fell ten and fifteen feet beyond the margin. Some rose considerably higher than the jets which forced them up; others fell down into the basin, and were cast out again with the next discharge. The stones were mostly as entire as when they were put in, but the tufts of grass and earth were shivered into numerous small black particles, and were thrown up by the

first jet in quick succession, producing a very pretty effect among the white spray. This whole day had been fine, with but little rain.

At one o'clock this morning there was an eruption of the Geyser, which was repeated at half past three, and again at a quarter before eight, and at half past nine; after which the fountain continued to spout water about every two hours. All the eruptions were attended by the same circumstances as those of yesterday, and were preceded by similar tremblings of the ground and subterraneous noises; but none of them threw the water to any great elevation; the highest not appearing to exceed fifty feet. Close to the edge of many of the hot springs, and within a few inches of the boiling water, in places that are, consequently, always exposed to a considerable degree of heat, arising both from the water itself and the steam, I found *Conferva limosa* Dillw., in abundance, forming large dark green patches, which easily separated and peeled off from the coarse white kind of bolus that they were attached to. In a similar situation, also, I met with a new species of *Conferva*, (or rather *Oscillatoria* of Voucher,) of a brick-red colour, covering several inches of ground together, and composed of extremely minute unbranched filaments, in which, with the highest powers of my microscope, I was not able to discover any dissepiments. The margin of one of the hot springs, upon a white bolus, which was in a state of puddle from its mixture with the heated water, afforded me the finest specimens of *Fungermannia angulosa** I ever saw, growing thickly matted in such great tufts, that I could with ease take off pieces of five or six inches in diameter. The under side of these patches had very much the appearance of purple velvet, owing to the numerous fibrous radicles of that colour which proceeded from the base of the stems, and suffered themselves to be detached, without difficulty, from the soil they had grown upon. In water, also, of a very great degree of heat, were, both abundant and luxurious, *Conferva flavescens* of Roth, and a new species allied to *C. rivularis*. After a day, almost the whole of which

* Mr. Barrow, in his voyage to CochinChina, gives us a very interesting account of the hot spring in the island of Amsterdam, which lies in latitude $33^{\circ} 42'$ south, and longitude $76^{\circ} 51'$ east. "Some of them," he says, "are running freely, others ooze out in a paste or mud. In some of the springs Fahrenheit's thermometer ascended from 62° in the open air to 196° ; in some to 204° ; and in others to 212° or the boiling point. In several places we observed patches of soft verdure, composed of a fine delicate moss, blended with a species of *Lycopodium* and another of *Marchantia*. These green patches were found to be floating on a hot paste, whose temperature, at eight or ten inches below the surface, upon which the roots of the plant spread, was 186° . This was the more remarkable, as the same species of *Lycopodium*, or club-moss, grows with great luxuriance, even in the winter season, on the black heaths of North Britain."

had been showery, with the wind in the south-west, a fine but cold morning, attended with a northerly wind, afforded me a most interesting spectacle, the idea of which is too strongly impressed on my mind, ever to be obliterated but with memory itself. My tent had been pitched at the distance of three or four hundred yards from the Geyser, near a pipe or crater of considerable dimensions, in which I had hitherto observed nothing extraordinary. The water had been almost constantly boiling in it, and flowing gently over the mouth, thus forming a regular channel, which I believe had never ceased running during the whole time of my stay. My guide, however, had informed me that sometimes the eruptions of this spring were very violent, and even more remarkable than those of the Geyser; and it was on this account that he had placed the tents so close to it. At half past nine, whilst I was employed in examining some plants gathered the day before, I was surprised by a tremendously loud and rushing noise, like that arising from the fall of a great cascade, immediately at my feet. On putting aside the canvas of my tent, to observe what could have occasioned it, I saw within a hundred yards of me a column of water rising perpendicularly into the air, from the place just mentioned, to a vast height; but what this height might be, I was so overpowered by my feelings, that I did not for some time think of endeavouring to ascertain. In my first impulse I hastened only to look for my port-folio, that I might attempt at least to represent upon paper what no words could possibly give an adequate idea of; but in this I found myself nearly as much at a loss as if I had taken my pen for the purpose of describing it; and I was obliged to satisfy myself with very little more than the out line and proportional dimensions of this most magnificent fountain. There was however sufficient time allowed me to make observations; for, during the space of an hour and half, an uninterrupted column of water was continually spouted out to the elevation of one hundred and fifty feet, with but little variation, and in a body of seventeen feet in its widest diameter; and this was thrown up with such force and rapidity, that the column continued to nearly the very summit as compact in body, and as regular in width and shape, as when it first issued from the pipe; a few feet only of the upper part breaking into spray, which was forced by a light wind on one side, so as to fall upon the ground at the distance of some paces from the aperture. The breeze also, at times, carried the immense volumes of steam that accompanied the eruption to one side of the column of water, which was thus left open to full view, and we could clearly see its base partly surrounded by foam, caused by the column's striking against a projecting piece of rock, near the mouth of the crater; but thence to the upper part, noth-

ing broke the regularly perpendicular line of the sides of the water-spout, and the sun shining upon it rendered it in some points of view, of a dazzling brightness. Standing with our backs to the sun, and looking into the mouth of the pipe, we enjoyed the sight of a most brilliant assemblage of all the colours of the rainbow, caused by the decomposition of the solar rays passing through the shower of drops that was falling between us and the crater. After the water had risen to the vast height above described, I ventured to stand in the midst of the thickest of the shower of spray; where I remained till my clothes were all wetted through, but still scarcely felt that the water was warmer than my own temperature. On the other side of the spout, the column was so undivided, that, though upon the very brink of the crater, within a few inches of the water, I was neither wetted, nor had I a fear of being scalded by any falling drops. Stones of the largest size that I could find, and great masses of the siliceous rock, which we threw into the crater, were instantly ejected by the force of the water; and though the latter were of so solid a nature as to require very hard blows from a large hammer, when I wanted to procure specimens, they were, nevertheless, by the violence of the explosion, shivered into small pieces, and carried up with amazing rapidity to the full height of, and frequently higher than, the summit of the spout. One piece of a light porous stone was cast at least twice as high as the water, and falling in the direction of the column, was met by it, and a second time forced up to a great height in the air. The spring, after having continued for an hour and a half spouting its waters in so lofty a column, and with such amazing force, experienced an evident diminution in its strength; and during the space of the succeeding half hour, the height of the spout varied, as we supposed, from twenty to fifty feet; the fountain gradually becoming more and more exhausted, and sometimes remaining still for a few minutes, after which, it again feebly raised its waters to the height of not more than from two to ten feet, till at the expiration of two hours and a half from the commencement of the eruption, it ceased to play, and the water sunk into the pipe to the depth of about twenty feet, and there continued to boil for some time. I had no hesitation in pronouncing this to be, what is called by Sir John Stanley, the New Geyser;* although the shape and dimensions of the crater differ somewhat from the description given by that gentleman. But after a lapse of twenty years, it is not to be expect-

*The term *Geyser*, it may be here remarked, is derived from an Icelandic word which implies a vomiting forth, or boiling out in a furious manner, and at intervals. "Nomen habet" (the learned rector of Skalholt, writes to Sir Joseph Banks) "a verbo Islandico *ad giosa* evomere, ebullire; aquas enim per intervalla in altum evomit."

ed that, with two such powerful agents as fire and water, constantly operating, a spot like this should be suffered to remain without any alteration. The outlines of the aperture is an irregular oval, seventeen feet long and nine feet in width; on only one side of which there is a rim or elevated margin, about five or six feet in length, and one foot high; but the ends of this are ragged, as if it had formerly been continued the whole way round the crater, and it is therefore probably a portion of the same wall, which Sir John Stanley describes as nearly surrounding the basin at the time he was there, and as being two feet high. The well is formed by no means with the almost mathematical accuracy of that of the Geyser, but is extremely irregular in its figure, and descends in rather a sloping direction; its surface being composed of a siliceous crust, of a deep grayish-brown colour, worn smooth by the continued friction of the water. For several yards, in one direction, in the neighbourhood, where the waters flows off in a shallow stream, the bed of this is composed of a thin white covering, of a siliceous deposit. During the eruption of the New Geyser, I could not perceive that it in any way affected the neighbouring springs. I remarked no particular sinking of the water in any, nor did I observe that any boiled more violently than usual. The Geyser, which was filled almost to the rim of the basin, previous to the eruption of the New Geyser, from which it is distant about four hundred yards or more, remained, as nearly as possible, in the same state of fulness during and after the eruption. Sir John Stanley also observed the same circumstance, so that in all probability their subterraneous streams are quite independent of each other.* We were informed by the people living in the neighbourhood, that in the spring of last year (1808), a violent shock of an earthquake was felt, which made an aperture for another hot spring, and caused the whole of them to cease flowing for fifteen days. The ground at that time, appeared to be lifted up some feet; a house was thrown down, and all the cattle which were at pasture, ran home to the

* Horrebow, indeed, seems to lead to a contrary conclusion, from the following observations:—"In the parish of Huusevig, at a farm called Reykum, there are three springs which lie about thirty fathoms from each other. The water boils up in them in the following manner: when the spring or well at one end has thrown up its water, then the middle one begins, which subsiding, that at the other end rises, and after it the first begins again, and so on in the same order by a continued succession, each boiling up three times in about a quarter of an hour." Page 21.—Povelsen and Olafsen also mention a remarkable circumstance, which proves a communication between the two springs called Akraver, in the canton of Olves, situated at the distance of an hundred toises from each other. On throwing in the lead, for the purpose of sounding the depth of one of these wells, they found the water immediately diminished a foot and a half in depth, whilst at the same time it flowed over from the other well.

dwelling of their masters, and showed symptoms of the greatest terror. Earthquakes in this quarter of the country are not unfrequent. One happened but a short time previous to the visit of Sir John Stanley, who conjectures, that this probably enlarged the cavities communicating with the bottom of the pipe of the New Geyser; for it is to be remarked, that till then, (June 1789) that spring had not played for a considerable length of time with any degree of violence.*

[Our readers are presented in this number, with an engraved portrait of Bonaparte,—copied, by the polite permission of its proprietor, from a painting, more strongly resembling him, than any other which has been exhibited to the American public. We have taken the liberty of accompanying it with the following extracts from a vigorous and faithful Sketch of his Character, from the pen of an American, who had the benefit of a personal observation, and whose talents are an honour to his native land. *Ed. Sel. Rev.*]

BONAPARTE.

THE person of Bonaparte has been so often described, that I need not enter into particulars on this point. He was quite corpulent at this period, and is now, as I am informed, still more robust. He wore on this occasion, a plain uniform coat with the imperial insignia, and the cross of the legion of honour. His hair was without powder, and cropped short. I saw him in various situations afterwards, and received uniformly the same impressions from his countenance. It is full of meaning, but does not altogether indicate the true character of his soul. His eye is solemn and gloomy, and exceedingly penetrating; but it has less of savage fierceness, and of fire, than one would expect. The whole physical head, however, is not unsuitable to the station or nature of the individual.

“His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
“His high-designing thoughts are figured there.”

His limbs are well-proportioned, and remarkably strong and muscular. His personal activity is indefatigable, and his personal courage has never been questioned. I have seen him several times on horseback, almost always in full gallop. He displays no grace in this position, but is universally admitted, to be one of the most adventurous, as well as skilful riders in his dominions.

There is no man, as I am well informed, more patient of fatigue, or more willing to encounter it in every situation. His habits as to diet are not at all abstemious, and yet by no means

* See Edinburgh Transactions, v. iii. p. 150.

those of an epicure. He eats voraciously, and with the greatest celerity, of whatever is placed before him ; drinks largely of coffee at all hours of the day, and takes an immense quantity of snuff. I had understood before I arrived in Paris, that he appeared but seldom in public, and then with multiplied precautions for the security of his person. This, however, is certainly an incorrect statement. He exposes himself without any appearance of apprehension, and in situations, in which his life might be at once assailed by a thousand hands. I have seen him in an open carriage, in the midst of a population of fifty thousand souls, in the park of St. Cloud.

I was prompted by a very natural curiosity to make many inquiries concerning the domestic temper and habits of "the Cæsar of Cæsars," as Bonaparte is now denominated in the journals of Paris. My sources of information were among the best, and the following is the summary of the copious details, which were given to me on this subject : From his earliest youth, his disposition was haughty, vindictive, overweening and ambitious. This character he displayed at the siege of Toulon, where he first distinguished himself in such a manner, as to induce his commander-in-chief, Dugommier, to make this remark, in speaking of him to one of the commissaries of the convention : "Let that young man engage your attention ; if you do not promote him, I can answer for it, that he will know how to promote himself."—When he was appointed, at the early age of twenty-five, to the command of the army of Italy, he betrayed no emotion, either of surprise or of diffidence, at so sudden and dangerous an elevation, and answered those, who indulged in some remarks concerning his youth, in this way :—"At the expiration of six months, I shall either be an old general or a dead man."

Even in his boyhood, Bonaparte was passionately devoted to the military science, and took part with his young comrades, only in such exercises, as presented the most lively images of war.

He was not without social qualities in the earlier stages of his military career, and even after his elevation to the first posts of the army, could occasionally soften the natural sternness and solemnity of his manner, into an affable and communicative ease, which rendered his conversation somewhat attractive. He often indulged himself when first consul, after the public repasts of the Thuilleries, in copious narratives concerning his campaigns in Egypt, about which he was extremely fond of talking. But on his accession to the imperial dignity, these glimmerings of the spirit of gentleness and courtesy were seen no more, and the innate dispositions of the man were displayed without disguise or control.

The consummate abilities of Bonaparte, both as a general and

a statesman, are now universally acknowledged. Until a few years past, his enemies were unwilling to allow him, that supremacy of genius which he undoubtedly possesses, and to which every individual, with whom I conversed on this subject in Paris, bore the amplest testimony. None of his counsellors, no functionary of his government approaches him, without feeling the ascendancy of his mind; and there are but few about his person, who can penetrate into the recesses of his policy. His thoughts are perpetually occupied by vast schemes of conquest, and busied in all the most subtle refinements of elaborate fraud. His great strokes of policy, as well as the movements of his armies, originate with himself, and he displays, no less skill than despotism, in the application of the talents of others to his own purposes.

His ministers, however able or profligate, are scarcely equal to embrace, either the vast compass, or the gigantic depravity of his ambition. Although decorated with splendid titles, and enriched with an ample share of the public spoil, they are, nevertheless, the most miserable and laborious slaves in existence, under the inflexible dominion of the most capricious and insolent of all masters. They suffer personal indignities without number, and are at no one moment, secure of the favour, upon which they know their existence to depend. If the foreign enterprises of Bonaparte, as well as the internal organization of his empire, be attentively examined, it will be perceived that he acts, in almost all instances, from a profound knowledge of the history of mankind, and of human nature under all its phases. There is scarcely a successful device, in the catalogue of the means, employed by conquering nations for the extension of their dominion, or by the Philips, the Cæsars, the Constantines, and the Charlemagnes, for the consolidation of their power, of which he will not be found, to have made a skilful and efficacious use.

He has never felt, and is incapable of feeling, any influence, calculated to frustrate the views of his ambition, but that of an impetuous temper. To female blandishments he is utterly insensible, as far as they tend to subjugate the mind, although he has never deserved, the reputation for continency, which he has enjoyed beyond the limits of Paris. Josephine possessed not the slightest ascendant over his decisions, or his inclinations, in any one point, nor will the present Empress exert any larger share of influence, whatever may be the superiority of her titles, to deference or to love. For the whole house of Lorraine, he cherishes an unextinguishable hate, and meditates the most complete destruction. Motives of state policy alone, led to this union, and they alone will regulate his department towards the Austrian princess, who was sacrificed, unavailingly sacrificed, to the preservation of her father's crown.

FROM LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

DR. JOHNSON'S COURTSHIP.

THE following curious account of Dr. Johnson's courtship, is extracted from the *Letters of Anna Seward*, and forms part of one to James Boswell, Esq. ; as it is not inserted in this gentleman's *Life of Johnson*, it may be interesting to many of our readers :—" I have often heard my mother say she perfectly remembered his (Johnson's) wife. He has recorded of her that beauty which existed only in his imagination. She had a very red face, and very indifferent features, and her manners in advanced life, (for her children were all grown up when Johnson first saw her,) had an unbecoming excess of girlish levity, and disgusting affectation. The rustic prettiness, and artless manners of her daughter, the present Mrs. Lucy Porter, had won Johnson's youthful heart, when she was upon a visit at my grandfather's* in Johnson's school-days. Disgusted by his unsightly form, she had a personal aversion to him, nor could the beautiful verses† he addressed to her, teach her to endure him. The nymph, at length, returned to her parents at Birmingham, and was soon forgotten. Business taking Johnson to Birmingham, on the death of his own father, and calling upon his coy mistress there, he found her father dying. He passed his leisure hours at Mr. Porter's, attending his sick-bed, and, in a few months, asked Mrs. Johnson's consent to marry the old widow. After expressing her surprise at a request so extraordinary—" No, Sam, my willing consent you will never have to so preposterous an union. You are not twenty-five, and she is turned fifty. If she had any prudence this request had never been made to me—Where are your means of subsistence? Porter has died poor, in consequence of his wife's

* The Rev. John Hunter, master of the Litchfield Free-school, by whom Johnson was educated.

† Verses to a lady, on receiving from her a sprig of Myrtle:—

What hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
 Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate;
 The myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
 Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand.
 Nor less capricious than a reigning fair,
 Now grants, and now rejects a lover's prayer.
 In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
 In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
 The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
 The unhappy lover's grave the myrtle spreads:
 O then the meaning of thy gift impart,
 And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart!
 Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
 Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

expensive habits. You have great talents, but, as yet, have turned them into no profitable channel."—"Mother, I have not deceived Mrs. Porter: I have told her the worst of me; that I am of mean extraction; that I have no money; and that I had an uncle hanged.—She replied, that she valued no one more or less for his descent; and that she had no more money than myself; and that though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging."—And thus became accomplished this very curious amour. Adieu, Sir, go on and prosper in your arduous task of presenting to the world the portrait of Johnson's mind and manners.

FROM LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

ANECDOTES COLLECTED FROM THE PRIVATE LIFE OF PETER
THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The parents of Peter the Great.

THE Czar Alexis Michaelowistch, was a widower; gentle and affable, he lived familiarly amongst his subjects, and often condescended to ask them to dine with him, without ceremony. One day, being at the house of a gentleman named Matweof, he found the table set, and he said to him, "Matweof, I will dine with thee; but on condition that I derange no one." Immediately after, the wife of Matweof entered the apartment, with a young man and a girl; they sat down to table; the Czar spoke little, ate much, and cast many looks on the young girl, who was a stranger to him. After dinner he said, "Matweof, I know thy wife, I have seen thy son, but I knew not thou hadst a daughter. Thou never told me thou hadst." "My Lord, she whom you have seen is not my daughter; she is the daughter of one of my friends."—"That girl is very pretty; she has much sweetness of countenance." "I can assure your Majesty, that she is yet more amiable than she is beautiful; she is a charming character; mild, modest, and industrious." "You must endeavour, Matweof, to settle her well; she merits it, from the picture you have drawn, and from such a countenance she deserves a good husband." "I think much about it, Sire; but it is not a very easy matter: all require fortune, now a-days (this was in 1670,) and she has none." "I will look out, myself, for a match that may suit her; think you well about it, and in a few days we shall see what is to be done."

The Czar went out, leaving Matweof equally charmed with his frankness and benevolence. When Alexis, some little time

after, saw Matweof again, he said to him :—" Well, hast thou found an husband for thy pretty *protegée* ?" " Sir, I have some prospect, but an opportunity is yet wanting to speak my mind ; and I fear, as I told your Majesty, that want of fortune will be an obstacle." " I am farther advanced than thee, Matweof, for I think I have found what you wish. The match is, in every respect, eligible ; and I hope she will not refuse the offer : it is an husband rich enough for both ; a good tempered worthy man, in a very respectable situation."

Matweof, expressing himself in the highest terms of gratitude, said :—" Sire, may I presume to ask on whom the choice is fallen ?" " Thou shalt soon know ; go and bring in the lovely girl ; I will question her myself." The Czar addressed her, made her equivocal proposals, but without discovering his intentions ; and when she went out, he took Matweof by the hand, and said :—" My friend, I will not keep thee longer in suspense ; I am every day more charmed with Natalia (so was she named) and the husband I intend for her is myself." Matweof immediately fell at his feet, and after having expressed an astonishment at the signal honour intended his young charge, he said :—" My Lord, I have brought up Natalia ; she is distantly related to me, and I am as much interested in her happiness as if she was my own child ; but I should become an object of hatred and jealousy to the whole Court, who would think I had used stratagem and artifice to draw your Majesty into such an alliance. Put off, Sire, I beseech you, making known your intention. Assemble together, according to custom, the most beautiful young women of your empire ; Natalia shall be admitted among the number, and you shall be master of your choice ; it will be the same to your Majesty in the end, and I shall not be exposed to disgrace." The Czar approved of this expedient, and in a short time proclaimed his intention of marrying again, and his wish to make his choice from the daughters of his noble subjects. Natalia was the subject he selected ; he loved her, and he was beloved again. He sought a wife of simple and modest manners, he found such in Natalia, and she constituted the happiness of his life. He had by her Peter I. ; her name was Natalia Kesilowna Narischin.

The difficulty of conquering natural Antipathies, exemplified in
Peter the First.

PETER had, from his cradle, two antipathies ; a dread of water and of black beetles. His exalted mind triumphed over the former, because he found himself obliged to conquer it ; he wished to establish a navy, and transport his people over a new element, and therefore he ought not to fear it himself. To conquer the

latter antipathy he had not so powerful a motive ; he retained it, and it degenerated into a weakness. But happy the people whose sovereign has no other weakness than the fear of black beetles.

When Peter travelled through his empire and enlivened it by his presence, he would enter the farm-yard of a countryman in his carriage ; he dined in his carriage, and slept in it ; and durst not enter the house of a villager, fearful of meeting with black beetles, which flour and ovens always draw together, and which are very general, where every house has its own oven and floor. Once, however, finding himself in a court-yard, from whence the house appeared neat and elegant, he sent one of his Denchtschiefs to inform him if there were any beetles in it ; the master positively assured him there was not any. The Czar went in to take his dinner ; and the honest Russian assured him that he might be perfectly easy, for not a single black beetle was to be found in his house ; and, as a proof, he added, " See, Sire," shewing him a black beetle nailed against the wall in a corner, " see the only one that ever dared shew himself in my house ; I punished him, I nailed him there !" Peter cast his eyes on the insect, shuddered, and with a strong and vigorous hand, he well boxed the awkward fellow's ears, who had placed before his sight, the object of his aversion.

As to his antipathy to the water, he did more than conceal it, he converted it into a passion for that element. He was delighted to be at sea ; and one of his greatest pleasures was to act the pilot, conduct sloops, and manœuvre on board his own yacht.

One day he invited the foreign ministers to take a little excursion on the water, and accompany him to Cronstadt, where some new works, which much interested him, called him ; a part of his fleet were also ready to set sail, and which spectacle he was very happy to have an opportunity of presenting to them.

They embarked on board the Bonyer, (a little Dutch vessel) Peter was the pilot ; a propitious gale gently swelled the sails, and for the space of twenty miles nothing could be more happy than the navigation. All on a sudden a violent east wind arose ; Peter looked at the weather, and saw a black cloud at a distance which foretold a storm ; he dissembled, and notwithstanding made ready to face it. The tempest did not fail soon to burst forth ; the air became darkened, contrary winds arose, whistled amongst the cordage, agitated the sails, and a whirlwind twisted them around the yacht. All the Ministers, with one accord, surrounded the Czar and begged him to land near Peterhoff. Peter refused to comply, sought to assure them they were safe, and answered to every new persuasion they offered, *nie bause*, fear nothing. However, the heavy clouds increased the darkness ;

frequent flashes of lightning issued from them, and claps of thunder accompanied the roarings of the wind : the vessel could no longer be guided by the helm ; it rose and sunk, the prey of the whitened billows and the foaming surf ; on every side a gulf opened which threatened to swallow them up, while cries of distress were heard, and terror and dismay with the palid hue of death were seated on every visage ; Peter alone was calm in the midst of peril, and he opposed science and address against the tempest's rage. The Ministers again repeated their solicitations, and begged him to return or put to land. But Peter, all activity, giving an eye to every thing, enforcing his orders, and occupied with his work, turned a deaf ear to them all. At length, M. de Loos, Minister from Poland and Saxony, at once more bold and terrified than the rest, alone approached the Czar, and in a serious and lamentable tone of voice, said to him ; " I implore your Majesty, for the love of God, to return to Petersburgh ; or, at least, to allow us to land at the nearest shore to Peterhoff, and consider that the King, my master, did not send me into Russia to be drowned ! If I perish here, as there is every appearance I shall, your Majesty will have to answer for it at my Court."

The Czar, notwithstanding the imminent danger, could not forbear laughing at this speech, and tranquilly answered him :— "*Nie bause, Mynheer Van Loos*, If you perish, we shall perish also, and then your Court can call no one to account." Peter, however, thought no more of reaching Cronstadt ; he had felt, for some time, that it was impossible, and he thought only of making land somewhere, but the storm rendered it difficult ; he, nevertheless, happily got out of the critical situation in which he was placed ; he seized, in a most able manner, a lucky moment, and went ashore at Peterhoff.

Nothing renders us more joyful than escaping a great danger. The supper was quickly prepared ; they sat down to table, where the best Hungarian wine was not spared ; they gaily conversed on their adventure, laughed at their fears, and passed their jokes on M. de Loos. All these gentlemen slept at Peterhoff ; as for Peter, at break of day, while every one yet slept, he regained his bouyer, and set sail for Cronstadt ; and he sent orders from thence to take his party from Peterhoff by boats.

Anecdote of Peter the Great when in France.

Madame de Maintenon, then at St. Cyr, drew near the end of her earthly pilgrimage, when Louis the XVth., yet a child, was just commencing his. Madame de Maintenon was certainly an object of curiosity to such a man as Peter ; but he had some dif-

difficulty in getting an introduction to her. In the depth of retirement, taken up only with her salvation, during her latter days, she received no visitors ; the Czar, however, was admitted ; he found her in bed, from which she seldom rose ; he lifted aside the curtain, sat down at the foot of the bed, contemplated her, and addressed to her good and sensible conversation, suitable to the moment. The visit was very short ; Kourakin serving him as an interpreter, for Peter did not speak French ; he knew only Dutch and his own language. The Czar was remarkably tall, six feet four inches ; when the Regent presented Louis XV. to him, then a child of seven years old, Peter, to consider him nearer, took him up in his arms and brought him close to his face ; he then embraced him and said :—" May your Majesty grow up happily, and reign with all prosperity ! Perhaps, in time to come, we may much want the assistance of each other."

Peter's ordinary mode of living.

At four every morning, Peter awoke ; his Ministers then brought in their reports, and presented their different documents ; he saw, he investigated, and passed judgment himself, gave his orders, and made notes ; heard all objections, answered them, softened, changed, or corrected them, according to the dictates of his righteous and enlightened mind. A slight breakfast was then brought him ; he dressed himself and went to the Admiralty, and was present at the Senate. He dined regularly at eleven o'clock ; the dishes which were generally served up, and which he was most fond of, were cabbage soup, either made salt, or sour crout, gruel, a cold sucking pig, basted with sour cream, cold roast meat, and cucumber, salt meat, roast lamb, ham, and old cheese. After dinner, he slept for two hours in his night gown. When he awoke, he received the reports of such business as had been expedited in the morning ; he took no supper, and retired early to rest. In his regular way of living, setting aside what he gave up to drinking, and those orgies where he appeared to abandon himself, he took no other beverage than *kisleschtchi quasse*, and sometimes a little brandy. At length he quitted this kind of drink to accustom himself to wine ; at first he drank none other than that of Medoe ; but latterly he preferred Hermitage wine.

When he held Court festivals, or gave them himself to more small and select society, he wished every one to be gay and jovial ; he rightly judged that wine was a proper stimulus to produce this effect, and he was not displeased to see his company rather inebriated, provided that decency was observed ; when they swerved from that in the least degree, his method was to deprive them from continuing it, by plunging them, by repeated draughts, into the most stupid intoxication.

Peter the Great, and a Dutch master of a vessel.

Peter had a clerk of his kitchen, named John Velten; he was a German, and his master loved him for his fidelity. It is well known, and for what reason, Peter was so very sparing of his money; he did not, therefore, shower pecuniary benefits upon Velten; but his manner of recompensing him was indirect: I find it admirable, and I must confess I should feel an ill opinion of any one who could discover any thing in it either little or deserving of ridicule.

It often happened that the monarch went, accompanied by his Generals and very particular friends, to dine in *pic nic* at John Velten's; at a ducat a head. He found in this a three-fold pleasure; he amused himself, enjoyed in these *pic nics* that true freedom of conversation which is the charm of life; he spared the treasures of the state, and he improved the fortune of one who had served him well, by the means of the man's situation in life. He loved, honoured, encouraged by his presence and his familiarity, every condition, every profession: he despised no one; but he loved to mix among his subjects, and observe every station of life: he made every body feel at their ease; they might speak to him and converse with him free from all restraint, while he knew how to render to himself what was his due; and he could always easily distinguish insolence and blame-worthy boldness, from untaught vulgarity, or a defective education. As it was of the utmost importance to him to give the greatest encouragement to maritime affairs, which increased under his dominion, like every thing else he undertook, he was particularly gratified when he was in company with merchants or dealers, whom he animated to industry; he loved to improve himself, through their means, and very often he was their instructor; for his vast genius, prompt at conception, had already acquired the most enlarged and well connected ideas on navigation and commerce: he often went to dine with these merchants of Petersburg, at whose houses he knew he should meet sea-faring men, sailors, or masters of vessels.

He chanced one day to meet at the house of one of those merchants, a Captain of a trading vessel, a true Dutchman, of the name of *Schipper*,* who was there, with some of his crew. Peter had just dined; he desired that the Captain might sit down to table, and that his people should also remain in the apartment and enjoy his presence: he had them served with drink, and he

* May we not presume to believe that the appellation of *Skipper*, given to masters of trading vessels, is derived from this circumstance?—*Note by the English Translator.*

amused himself with their sea-phrases, as coarse as they were artless.

One of these sailors, emboldened by the indulgence of the monarch, thought proper to drink the health of the Empress, with all the zeal of gratitude. After a moment's pause, he took up the jug, bent his head in advance, scraped his feet awkwardly behind him, and said, "*My Lord, the Great Peter, long live your wife, Madam, the Empress.*" Captain Schipper turned himself round, looked at the sailor, shrugged his shoulders, and to shew the Czar that he, for his part, understood the usages, politeness, and style of the Court, rose up, jogged the sailor with his elbow, took the jug, advanced towards Peter, bent his body very low, and thus correcting the phrase of the mariner;—"Sir, the Great Peter, long live her Excellency, Madam, the Empress, your spouse." The Czar smiling, replied, "*Schipper*, that is very well, indeed; I thank you."

Miraculous Image of the Virgin Mary.

Peter the Great being once at a town in Poland, heard much of a wonderful image of the Holy Virgin, which had been seen to shed tears during the celebration of mass, and he resolved to examine this extraordinary miracle. The image being highly elevated, he asked for a ladder, ascended it, and approached close to the image: he discovered two little holes near the eyes: he put his hand to the head-dress, and lifted up with the hair a portion of the skull. The monks, who stood at the foot of the ladder, quietly regarded the Czar, for they did not imagine he could so soon discover the fraud; but when he even put his finger upon it, they shuddered to behold their miraculous Virgin thus dishonoured. The Emperor discovered, within the head, a basin, whose bottom was even with the eyes; it contained a few very small fish, the motions of which agitated the water, and caused it to issue slowly, and by small quantities, from the two overtures at the corner of each eye. He descended the ladder, without seeking to undeceive the devotees, or any one; but addressing himself to the monks, he said coldly to them, "*That is a very curious image, indeed!*"

Peter's grief for the death of his Son.

Peter, after the death of his first son, had another son by Catharine, Peter Petrowitch; without any hopes of having more. On him all his hopes now rested; and if he perished, no one remained to perpetuate his memory. He lost him at the age of one year and an half: this was a terrible stroke to him, he could not

support it, his great soul was sunk, he fell into a profound melancholy, lost sight of his projects, his affairs, and the care of his empire; he shut himself up, would see no one, and obstinately refused admittance to any body. Alone, in his apartment, he abandoned himself to grief, and even Catharine herself, durst not approach him. This situation lasted several days; Catharine was in the most trying inquietude, for she had not only to support her own sorrow, but also the terrible state to which she saw the Czar reduced: she addressed herself to the senator Dolgowrouki, a steady, sensible, and worthy man, of great abilities, and much attached to the Czar and his country, and who possessed a well-merited influence over the mind of his Prince.

Dolgowrouki promised to put every thing in practice to draw the Czar out of this solitary grief, and he meditated the following plan:—He assembled the Senate, put himself at their head, made them follow him, and went to the door of the Czar's chamber: they knocked, no answer; they knocked again, repeated it, and cried out, with evident terror.—Peter, struck by these cries, and feeling uneasy, presented himself, asked who dared trouble his repose, and infringe upon the order he had given of being left alone? Dolgowrouki cried out, that his empire was lost if he did not shew himself; that all business was at a stand, and that of the utmost importance; every thing was in an unsettled state, and if he did not come and regulate his affairs, they were proceeding to the election of a new sovereign, since the state could not stand without a head.

The Czar, struck with the firmness of Dolgowrouki, and with a language so new to him, conquered his obstinacy, and suffered himself to be dragged from the abode of grief; he followed Dolgowrouki to the Senate, and soon the multiplicity of business, and the affairs he had to examine and regulate, made him forget his grievous loss, and he thought only of occupying himself in the cares of government.

Origin of Czarko-Celo; or, the Borough of Sarka, in Russia.

Peter lived a long time at a distance from his empire, either on account of the wars he had to sustain, or by his travels into different countries. It was in one of these absences that Catharine employed herself with the pleasure of giving him an agreeable surprise.

At fifteen or sixteen Russian miles south of Petersburgh, she had remarked at a distance from the high road, an elevated situation, which would, she thought, be very appropriate to the erecting on it a small summer residence, making it commodious, simple, commanding a fine prospect, and surrounded with smiling

objects, such as Peter was fond of. She had it constructed privately; it was built of wood, and she herself presided over the work: she drew the plans, and ordered the laying out of the gardens, disposing every thing with that promptitude, that all was finished on the arrival of her husband.

Peter, on his return to Petersburg, ever active, was continually in motion; he dug canals, he formed quays, and forwarded the works of his new city. Catharine told him she had made a discovery of a charming situation, of which he was yet ignorant, where he had never been, though very near to Petersburg.

Peter suffered himself to be conducted there by Catharine: they soon went out of the high road, and arrived at a height, where stood a house, concealed by a wood, so that Peter could not see it; but there a rural festival was in preparation for him; he could not, however, help admiring the place, and its situation. Catharine informed him, she had made herself happy by building on this spot an habitation according to his taste; Peter applauded the idea, and still conversing, they walked on; they approach it, and he sees, at length, before his eyes, a pleasant garden, a charming house, the chimnies smoking, and several persons in readiness to receive him: and he enters, and experiences all the pleasure of surprise; while he caused Catharine to enjoy one more infinitely exquisite, by the extreme satisfaction he evinced at all he beheld; he praised every thing, found all in the most perfect order, embraced the lovely architect, who had so ingeniously employed herself in promoting his pleasures; took her by the hand, led her to the table, and never did Peter make so agreeable and cheerful a repast.

Elizabeth afterwards built the spacious Castle of Czarko-Celo; which is constructed of brick, and is yet in fine preservation.

Miss Hamilton.

The Empress, wife of Peter the Great, had a maid of honour named Hamilton; she was young, pretty, and of great tenderness. Reputation and pleasure are not always compatible with female decorum. Twice already had she extinguished every maternal sentiment in her bosom, and had, by murder, deprived the fruit of her imprudence from being brought to light: two innocent victims had received from this beauteous Hamilton life by love, and death from a sense of reputation. The third pregnancy was visible, and she was closely watched, and it was proved that Miss Hamilton had, for the third time, destroyed her offspring. The law condemned herto lose her head, and the sentence was executed accordingly.

Peter had not beheld so many attractions unmoved; he had loved her, and she had made him happy. Miss Hamilton, in her

prison, given up to the most bitter reflections, could not yet help flattering herself with escaping death, as she reckoned the Czar amongst her lovers. The day marked for her punishment arrived; she appeared upon the scaffold, habited in a robe of white satin, trimmed with black-ribbands; and never had she looked so beautiful. The monarch advanced to bid her farewell; he embraced her, encouraged her, and said to her, "I cannot save thee; the law, which condemns thee, is greater than I! Trust in God, and suffer patiently." And at the very moment when the Czar, deeply affected, pressed her hand for the last time, and walked away, that captivating head, with one blow, was separated from her beautiful body, and so terminated the life of the unfortunate Miss Mamilton!

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

SINGULAR ACT OF GRATITUDE OF CARTOUCHE THE ROBBER.

Cartouche the robber, infested Paris in the early part of the last century [born in Paris 1693.] His people were arranged in bands, and regularly placed, every night, as so many guards; but certainly not for the protection of property. He piqued himself on being a generous and gallant man; and his behaviour to Madame de Ségur, has some claims to support his pretensions.—That lady found on her toilette, one morning, the following epistle, respectfully addressed to her, without being able to form the most distant conjecture, as to the means by which it was placed there.

"Madame,—As I am informed of every thing that passes both in the city, and at court, I know that two days ago you spoke of me very advantageously to the Regent, Monseigneur the Duke of Orleans, and that you said, "a man like me might make a good general of an army:"—I am extremely grateful for the good opinion you entertain of my abilities; and by way of demonstrating my gratitude, I have caused one hundred bottles of Champagne wine, which I have carefully chosen as excellent, to be placed in your wine cellar. I add to this small present an impression from my seal. It is a sovereign safe conduct, and you may securely walk in any part of Paris, at whatever hour you please, without feeling the smallest misadventure.

"I am with respect, Madame,

Your most humble, and most obedient servant,

CARTOUCHE."

Madame de Ségur, astonished at this information, recollected however, that she had spoken of Cartouche to the Regent. She instantly sent servants to examine her wine cellar, and sure

enough they found the hundred bottles of Champagne mentioned in the letter. She conceived violent suspicions of the honesty of her domestics, and proposed to remove to another house; but her friends advised her to confide in the honour of the robber who had promised his protection, and who would not suffer her to be robbed. Besides, said they, all Paris is full of *Cartouchiens*, and perhaps you may fall into hands of gangs still more desperate. It is certain, that Madame de Ségur, never could discover by what means his agents had access to her house; and, it is equally certain that she never could perceive that she suffered the smallest injury.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Cursory Circumstances connected with the late Henry Fielding.

ACCIDENT lately threw me into the company of an aged gentleman in the country, who formerly possessed some little share of intimacy with the late Henry Fielding and his family. So entire is the dearth of information respecting the minute biographical circumstances of the greatest novel-writer which this country ever produced, that I listened with much interest to the trifles mentioned by my new acquaintance. *Trifling* indeed was the information acquired; but those who love the memory of the author that has charmed them through many an hour of exquisite relaxation, may, perhaps, admit that no circumstance connected with him can be too trivial for record.

My friend married the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Skelton, at whose academy Sir John Fielding, and the sons of the poet, were educated. He has there frequently seen Fielding, and declares his conversation, even in the latter and declining years of his life, to have been animated and winning beyond description. In point of person, Fielding allows himself (see his voyage to Lisbon) to be far from interesting. Sickness, as he approached the grave, must have made strange inroads on his complexion and general aspect. Fielding was an invalid when first my friend knew him. Much may, therefore, be attributed to the effect of disease; but my aged informer emphatically assured me, that he "was the plainest man he ever beheld."

Mrs. Feilding (his last wife, and the mother of those children whose infantile gambols interrupted the author so often while writing *Tom Jones*, and from whom he parted with such heart-felt regret, when quitting England for Lisbon,) was raised, or my authority misleads me, from a menial capacity to the bed of the author. She was a woman of great personal attraction, and,

though not much indebted to education, was of pleasing manners, and most decorous conduct. She resided, on her return from Lisbon, after the death of her husband, for several months, at Mr. Skelton's, and a neighbouring gentleman was so far captivated by her manners and appearance, that he requested her in marriage; but, with an honourable respect for the recollection of her husband, she peremptorily declined this flattering overture.

Fielding is known to have died in circumstances truly poetical in regard to pecuniary matters. His last work (the *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*) was dedicated to the public, under the hope of national gratitude, causing a contribution (perhaps I should say honorary offering) to be made for the benefit of the children of him who had proved so great an honour to his country. The booksellers had grown rich while the author remained poor. But, in regard to the connection between Fielding and his publishers, an instance of generosity occurs, which cannot be too generally known. The person who had chiefly been in the habit of purchasing his manuscripts, was so entirely convinced of the excellence of the bargains which he had made, and so honourably anxious to render a compensation to the family of his literary benefactor, that he left, at his death, a considerable sum (my informer believes fifteen hundred pounds,) to Mrs. Fielding!

Sir John Fielding, the brother of the poet, appears to have inherited his portion of family humour, although he has left no record, in a lettered form, of his comic propensity. The following circumstance my friend adduced as an instance. After paying a visit to a country gentleman of eminent hospitality, Sir John mounted his horse, in company with several brother-convivialists. The knight, though "a thick drop serene" had quenched the lustre of his orbs, was a fearless horseman. In fact, his steed was trained to obedience, and was familiar with the rider's haunts. Sir John rode forwards; but when he arrived at Hatley-row, under the impulse of the gay purpose of the hour, he checked his horse, and the animal entered the paved yard of an inn. Our traveller was in the habit of wearing a shade over his sightless eyes, which the apprehensiveness and surprise of the innkeeper and his wife converted into a *mask*. It was during the time of a general panic throughout the country, in consequence of a threatened invasion from France. Sir John found, by the tremulous accents of the people at the inn, that his appearance had produced a striking effect on their imagination, and he accordingly humoured their apprehensions. He, with many significant shrugs, and divers protestations of extreme haste, informed his auditors that the French were landed in great numbers, and were far advanced on their march to the metropolis; that himself had been

captured by the foe, and only released on condition of wearing a mask, or bandage, till six hours were expired. After communicating this intelligence he quitted the inn.

It happened that the innkeeper's wife was one of the most credulous among the weak. Terrified beyond measure, she hastened and buried all the money she could collect, and threw the household plate into *the well* for safety. The whole house was commotion, from the stable-yard to the topmost garret. The joke was, of course, soon detected, and the identity of the knight shortly ascertained. So high was the indignation of the silly host, when he discovered the extent of his duplicity, that he commenced an action against the waggish alarmist. The cause was tried at Winchester, when the plaintiff was deservedly nonsuited.

I cannot help taking this opportunity to regret that the public have never been gratified with a circumstantial account of the life of so distinguished a man as Fielding. I believe it is generally apprehended that the complexion of his actions would not bear a minute scrutiny, and therefore it is concluded that the task was altogether declined by those able to form a regular digest of his life. If this indeed be so, it appears to me that the surviving friends of Henry Fielding have acted most injudiciously. The world knows, that Fielding was betrayed, by the liveliness of his imagination, into many indiscretions. It knows that indulgence became habit, and that he degenerated into a character conspicuous for dissipation. It was prepared, therefore, for a record of follies, but was graciously disposed, from admiration of Fielding's talent, to meet, half way, every apology which could be offered for his eccentricities. Mankind were prepared, likewise, to reap a lesson of instruction from a detail of the shoals which shipwrecked the morals of one so eminently gifted with genius, and so elevated in sentiment, during the labours of his recluse hours.

There is a species of sublimity (as we have been taught by Burke, in *silence*, which magnifies the presumed deformity of the object concealed by taciturnity. Thus the world forms a most terrific idea of the errors which it is led to believe are too enormous to meet the light. Fielding has left a son conspicuous for talent, who must be possessed of documents for the biography of his father. What a noble offering to the memory of an illustrious parent would be an apology for the life of Fielding, (if indeed an apology be requisite,) from the pen of this gifted descendant?

I have now before me Fielding's last performance, his *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*. How tender are his expressions regarding the children he was about to quit—for ever! Methinks it would be but a due return, for his offspring to pen a vindication of his fame, or, at any rate, to raise a literary monument to his memory!

I remain, yours, &c. J. N. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

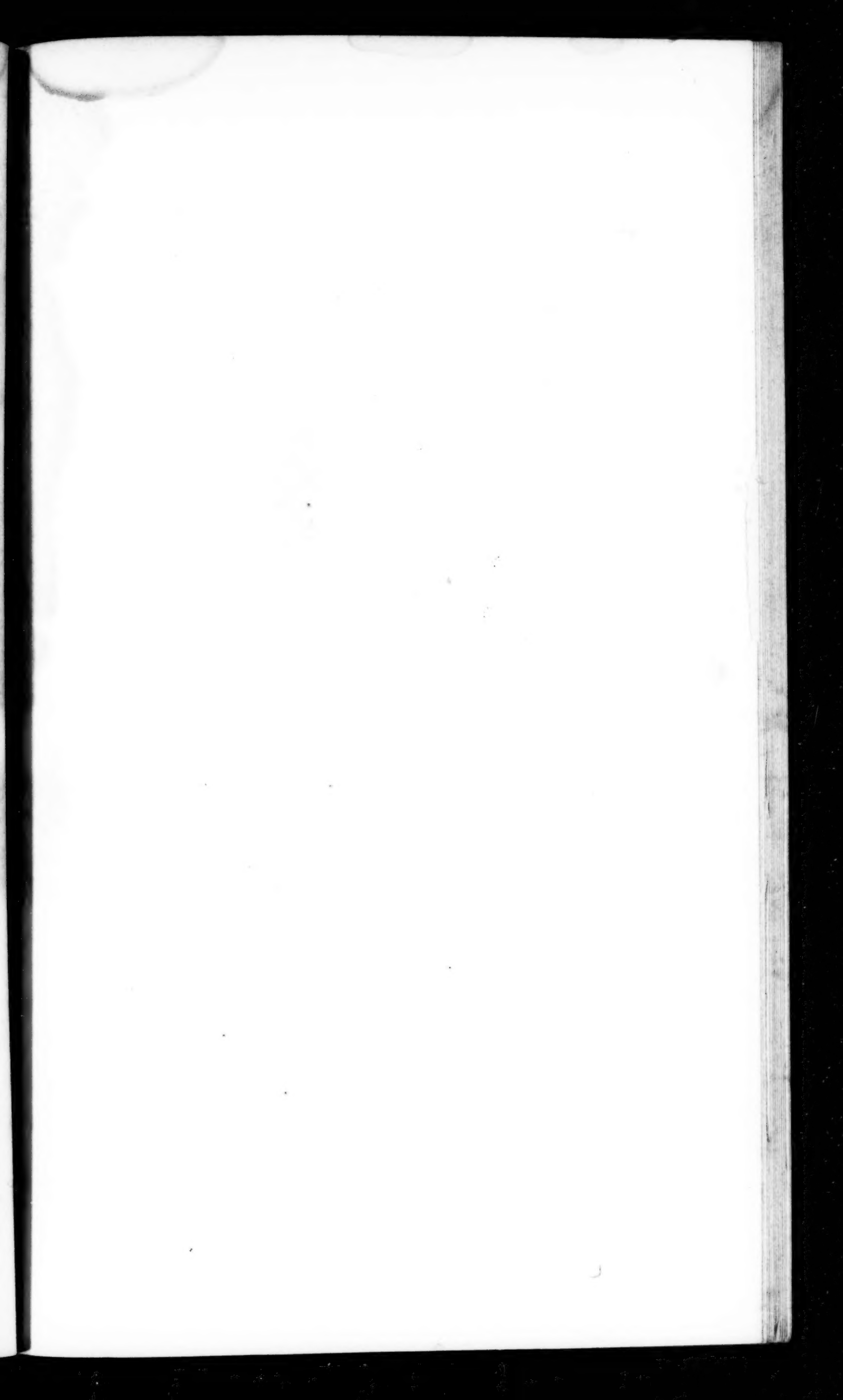
Wahabites.—A correspondent of the Institute has presented a most afflicting contrast, on the "History of the Pachalike of Bagdad," where he has resided for some years. The fine country, for which nature has done so much, has, since the decline of the empire of the Khalifs, been successively devastated by the Persians, Tartars, and Turks. It still, however, retains some traces of its former magnificence, and on account of its natural fertility always possesses within itself the means of a renovated prosperity. The inhabitants are perpetually menaced, however, by a warlike, fanatical, and formidable sect, called the *Wahabites*, who have formerly made incursions into their territories, during which they treated the natives with the greatest injustice, cruelty, and oppression.

The *Wahabites* consist of certain Arabs of the desert, who, during the last half century, have subjugated all the neighbouring tribes in succession, and have at length attained such an amazing degree of preponderance and celebrity, that they have spread affright and consternation throughout all the country, from the Persian Gulf to the confines of Syria. They derive their name from the father of their founder, who did not pretend to innovation, but to reform and restore the Koran, so as to bring it back to its original purity. They combat against those who profess any other religion than their own, but they are most exasperated against the Mahometans, as their own sect consists of *Heretics*; they expect crowns of martyrdom for themselves, provided they die in battle, and deem it agreeable to God to massacre, pillage, and destroy, all whom they are pleased to term infidels.. There are no exploits, however formidable, and no crimes, however odious, that may not be expected from this union of warlike ferocity and religious fanaticism.

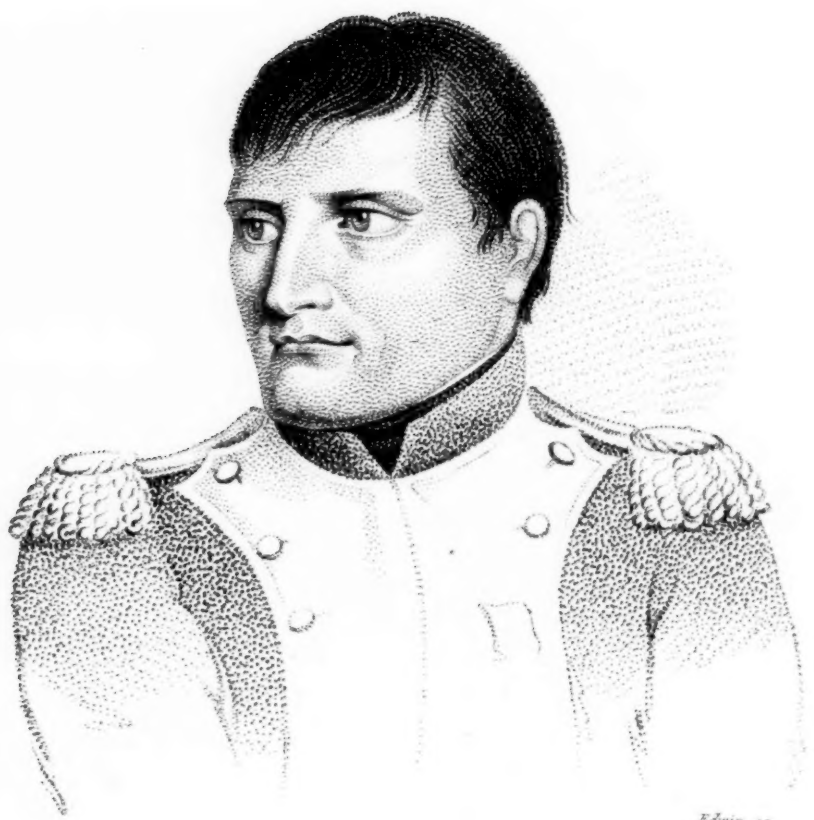
Madeira House.—The malignant war which has existed in Europe for the last twenty years, having destroyed the intercourse of this country with Southern Europe, and it being no longer permitted to opulent invalids to resort to those climes for the restoration of their health, it has lately been conceived, that, if an artificial climate, equal in temperature to the most salubrious parts of Italy, could be formed in our own island, we might expect results somewhat similar. Since the possession of Madeira by the English, that island has afforded hope to invalids; but, the expense and inconvenience of a voyage thither being commensurate with the means of only few persons, it has been proposed, to erect and maintain, at CLIFTON, a house and covered grounds, built and fitted for these purposes, to be called a

MADEIRA HOUSE, in which the temperature of that island is to be constantly maintained. The difference of climate principally consisting in temperature and moisture—if the means of having a dry, warm, and uniform atmosphere, are attainable in England, the object of invalids will, in great measure, be effected. The expense of such an undertaking being unavoidably great, the most eligible plan has appeared to be to create a fund, by subscription,—as 50,000*l.* in 500 shares, at 100*l.* each—the shares to be transferable. The salubrity of the air of Clifton, with the power of supplying the building with the Hotwell water, have pointed it out as the most proper place in the island for such an institution. It is intended to concentrate within it whatever can contribute to the restoration of health. The public rooms, staircases, and passages, are to be kept at the summer temperature of 62 or 65 degrees, and the private apartments are to be furnished with the means of being kept at any temperature which the feelings of the resident may suggest as most desirable, or his physician prescribes. An extensive conservatory for exotics is to be formed as a promenade for the residents ; in addition to which, pleasure-grounds are to be laid out and cultivated as a Botanic garden. A covered circus is to be connected for equestrian exercise, at all seasons, and provision made for other exercises, suited to the strength of the invalid, both active and passive.—It is proposed also to introduce baths of every description, and a constant supply of the most approved mineral waters. Thus the inhabitants of the Hygeian Temple may avail themselves, in one spot, of all the scattered gifts of Nature, which the experience of ages has proved to be beneficial to the restoration of health. The building is intended to accommodate fifty persons, each to have two rooms, one adjoining the other ; with a dressing-room, capable of lodging a private attendant. There is also to be a suit of public rooms, adequate to the accommodation of the whole of the inmates. Supposing each person to pay 200*l.* per annum, or per winter, a revenue of 10,000*l.* per annum will arise, adequate to pay interest to the shareholders, and to support the institution. The estimate for the building is 40,000,—the purchase of the ground, and other expenses, at least, 10,000*l.* The area for the house and gardens is to cover four acres—which will allow space sufficient for the promenades, circus, botanic garden, and pleasure-grounds. Dr. KENTISH, is to be the resident physician, and Mr. BUSBY is named as the architect.

Literary Prodigy.—The following account is extracted from the *Moniteur* of May 28.—Gottingen, May 20.—For these eight months we have had among the students of our university, a boy ten years and a half old, who is a real phenomenon. The name of this young *savant* is Charles Witte. He understands the languages, history, geography, and literature, as well ancient as modern : at the age of eight years he possessed, besides his mother-tongue, Greek, Latin, French, English, and Italian, to such a degree of perfection, that he could not only translate currently, the *Eneid* of Virgil, and the *Iliad* of Homer, but could besides speak, with an astonishing facility, all the living languages which has been just mentioned. Of this, the last year gave such satis-



p 422



NAPOLÉON.

fac
Un
ing
A
C
F
tum
ac
vul
pra
E
etia
his
tha
nat
pa
yo
of
py

pla
a
ma
ce
m
si
T
bl
th
th
le
be
in
th
tr
dr
ot
at
ba
in
o
c
p
s
c
c
p
e

factory proofs in a public examination, which he underwent at the University of Leipsic, that that Body honoured him with the following diploma :

Almæ Universitatis Lipsiensis Rectore Carolo Gottlob Kuhnio, etc. etc.

Carolus Witte Lochaviensis puer IX. annorum.

Propter præmaturam eximiamque in iis quibus non puerilis, sed adolescentum ætas inui solet, solertiam ; potissimum verò linguarum antiquarum græcæ ac latinæ, item recentiorum franco-gallicæ, anglicæ, etruscæ, notitiam haud vulgarem, quam a nemine nisi à patre Carolo Henrico Godefrego unico et solo præceptore accepit.

Exemplo planè singulari non modo albo Philyriæ (Leipsick) insertus, serum etiam datâ fide, civibus Academia nostræ adscriptus est.

Till his arrival at Gottingen, this child had no other instructor than his father, the clergyman Witte. The king of Westphalia, desirous that he should continue to direct the studies of his son to their termination, has granted him a pension, which has enabled him to quit his pastoral functions, and to accompany his pupil to our university. The young Witte is now studying philosophy : he is engaged in a course of mathematics, physicks, and metaphysicks, and shews the most happy disposition for all the sciences.

Panharmonicon.—Of the many exhibitions of human ingenuity displayed in this country, the Panharmonicon, invented by Mr. J. Gurk, a native of Vienna, is certainly amongst the most remarkable. In this machine, after seven years of unremitting labour, the artist has succeeded in producing a complete self-acting band of musical instruments—the whole of which are comprehended within a frame of about six feet in length, four feet in width, and about nine feet in height. The appearance of the machine is that of a canopy bed, with elegant blue silk furniture. The front view presents to the spectator a row of thirty-one oboes, and twenty German flutes, placed perpendicularly, as the pipes of an organ ; the ends resting on a frame raised somewhat less than two feet from the floor. Behind these is a considerable number of square pipes of wood, also placed perpendicularly. Above these instruments are placed four French horns, the mouths directed towards the front of the machine ; and on the same frame are fixed fourteen trumpets, in a perpendicular position. Behind these are a pair of kettle drums, with a triangle on the one side, and a pair of cymbals on the other. Above is a double drum ; and in the front, behind the flutes and oboes, a regimental drum, in a perpendicular position. At the back of the machine is a barrel, like that of a common organ, five feet in length and nine inches in diameter, resting in a horizontal position on its axis, about two feet from the floor. Within the base of the machine is a pair of bellows, which supply the flutes, oboes, and other pipes. Immediately beneath the trumpets and French horns is a smaller pair of bellows, comprehended within what appears merely a cross bar. The mechanism by which the machine is put in action, consists of three distinct parts. The first actuates the flutes, oboes, pipes, and drums ; the second the trumpets, French horns and triangle ; and the third the cymbals. The several parts being wound up as

a clock, the pins upon the revolving barrel raise small brass lavers, which communicate by cords with the different valves and stops of the various instruments. German Waltzes, and full pieces by Mozart, Romberg, and Starke, are performed with great correctness ; but the *watch relief* of the Emperor's guard, at Vienna, is peculiarly grand, from the powerful effect of the horns and trumpets. The tones produced by the combination of flutes, oboes, and pipes, bear some resemblance to those of the organ. The pieces are not rapidly performed, but the effect is grand and striking. We understand that this machine having been submitted to a minute inspection of the connoisseurs at Leipsic, the inventor received unbounded approbation from those critics, esteemed the first in Europe, with regard to musical science and mechanism. The execution of the trumpet notes had been pronounced impossible till the completion of this extraordinary machine, which will deservedly become an object of universal curiosity during its exhibition in this country. It is indeed an astonishing effort of human ingenuity and perseverance. Mr. Gurk is a performer on every instrument, comprehended in this elaborate piece of mechanism.

Massacre.—An account of the horrible massacre in Egypt has been transmitted to England by a young gentleman of Hull. He was at Alexandria when the slaughter commenced, on the 1st of March ; and in his passage up the Nile, he met the heads, in pickle, of 24 Beys, going as a present to the Grand Signior at Constantinople. On his arrival at Grand Cairo, he saw the heads of the ordinary Mamelukes ranged before the doors and windows of the mosques, to be owned by the relations of the deceased. The massacre continued for several days.—The Pacha of Egypt defends his conduct in ordering the massacre by stating, that the Beys had formed a plan to attack him as soon as the military force of 15,000 men should have been ordered against Mecca and Medina.

Description of the Guerillas.—This is a hardy race:—They generally perambulate in small parties, according in number to the object they have in view ; their unceasing thirst for spoil makes them extremely active in learning where the enemy are contemplating to convey baggage or provisions ; and the perfect knowledge of these Guerillas have of every tract of the country, gives them a decided advantage, in being able to watch and way-lay the enemy's transports. They are unremitting in their labours, night and day, when they have any object in view ; and their information is generally correct. The dress and look of these marauders (as the enemy term them) are enough to inspire dread ; they wear an immense cap, covered with fur, which is tied by a black belt under the chin ; a loose dark jacket is thrown carelessly over their shoulders, and at the side of their horses hangs the destructive weapon of terror, a lance, which measures about ten feet ; the sharp point fixes into a leather tube, which is suspended from the saddle to the off-shoulder of the horse, on the right side ; in the centre of the handle of the weapon is a strap affixed, to secure it from impeding the animal's progress, or inconveniencing the rider ; and when

necessity requires the use of the weapon, it is unslung with the greatest facility; their immense whiskers, and goat-skin boots, give these natives a most striking and terrific appearance; and the hardy way in which they subsist (as an onion, a piece of bread, or a bunch of grapes is to them a meal of luxury and content) enables them to undergo any privation, and renders them fit for the harrassing nature of their warfare, so destructive and annoying to the enemy.

Russian Caravan.—In course of last August there left Asiatic Russia, for Koulgi, the frontier town of China, a caravan of merchandise, in value 30,200 rubles, laden on sixty-six horses, and a second caravan was in preparation. The traffic with China, in this direction, began in 1803, they succeeded in a carrying safely goods to the amount of 25,000 rubles. The Chinese city of Koutscha, with some other Chinese forts and establishments, form a line at the foot of Mount Tarabagatay, extending to Little Buckharia, along the limits of the kingdom of Koutaischa, which was conquered by the Emperor of China, about the year 1750.

Book with invisible Letters and Embellishments.—Altona, July 23. Great doubts have been entertained as to the existence of a book for which it is affirmed the Emperor Rodolphus offered 11,000 ducats. *Liber Passionis Domini nostri Jesu Christi, cum figuris et characteribus ex nullâ materia compositis.* "The book of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, with figures and characters not made of any materials whatever." This book, it is recently ascertained, is in possession of the family of the Princess de Ligne.—It contains twenty-four leaves of vellum, in 12mo. on which not the smallest trace is apparent on inspection; but when a leaf is strongly pressed against the blue paper with which the book is interleaved, the characters become visible, as also the out-lines of the figures, which are executed with the most laborious finishing. This work is attributed to the time of Henry VII. between 1485 and 1509. A certificate of that age vouches for its authenticity.

Night Excursion in an Air Balloon.—An Italian journal gives the following relation:—M. Giard ascended from Florence in a balloon, Oct. 1. In half an hour he lost sight of the earth, and found himself at an elevation of 2,500 toises (15,000 feet). The balloon still continued to rise, when M. Giard finding his limbs benumbed by the extreme cold, and himself nearly overpowered by sleep, manœuvred to descend; but, perceiving beneath him the Mediterranean Sea, he rose again, and suffered still more from the excessive cold. He journeyed thus in the heavens, until two o'clock in the morning. He then perceived land, and descended safely at St Gasciano, having from the moment of his ascension been absent *nine hours*.

Preservative Cloak from Drowning: the Invention restored to its rightful Owner.—All the world knows that Captain Ladorini made not only in Upper Italy, but also in our city, in the course of last month,

sundry experiments in proof of the efficacy of his cloak for swimming, to which he has given the appellation of "Hydrostatic cloak," and especially in this city, he crossed the sea from the mole to the light house. M. Ladorini in his annunciations to the public, attributes to himself the invention of this cloak; but the learned have proved that the merit of this discovery appertains to Leonardo da Vinci, who has been dead more than three centuries. In 1785, the brothers Gerii, architects of Milan, published a work in which they gave a description and figure of this cloak, acknowledging at the same time, that they had traced the drawing of it from a sketch of Leonardo da Vinci. By means of this machine the celebrated Lunardi passed in 1788, the arm of the sea from Calais to Dover, which is seven leagues across. In the same year the brothers Gerii made experiments of a like nature at Munza, in the presence of his highness the Archduke Ferdinand, also at Pavia, Placenza, Rome, &c. At Closternenburgh, near Vienna, they passed the Danube under the inspection of Prince Charles of Lichtenstein, and many officers of the staff. Some years afterwards the brothers Gerii caused a party of five grenadiers preceded by a drummer, to proceed two Italian miles along the canal of Milan; when all these soldiers happily landed with their cloaks, in the presence of the Count of Wilezeck, and many thousands of spectators. In consequence of these discoveries and recollections, our Journals advise Captain Ladorini, instead of claiming the invention as his own, to endeavour to improve this Hydrostatic cloak to the same perfection as it had obtained in the hands of the brothers Gerii, in order to prevent any *further loss of lives* among such of his associates as may be induced to try experiments on its powers.

* * We do not sufficiently recollect such passage of Lunardi across the sea, from Calais to Dover to offer additional remarks or intelligence on this article. If it be fact that he really did perform that voyage in the manner alluded to, we should be glad to know the principle he employed. A machine capable of that enterprize may deserve encouragement. In the hands of some of our workmen, it may reach nearer to perfection than in those of the brothers Gerii.

Transparent Leather.—Nuremburgh, Sept. 27. The manufacturer Roesch, at Weimar, has discovered a method of making leather transparent; and completely proof against humidity. This leather has greatly the appearance of horn.

Great Saving in Brewing.—An intelligent correspondent, who has successfully tried the experiment, recommends to families brewing their own malt liquor, the use of 32lbs. of brown sugar with two bushels of malt, which produced him about 50 gallons of ale as good in every respect as if made from six bushels of malt, besides effecting a saving of 31s. 8d. being the difference between 32lbs. of sugar at 17s. 4d. and two bushels of malt at 24s. making together 41s. 4d. and six bushels of malt at 72s.—The same quantity of hops is required for 8lbs. of sugar as for a bushel of malt, and he mixes the sugar with the wort as it runs from the mash-tub.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE SELECT REVIEWS.

THE RELIC OF THE BROKEN STRING.

To ———.

SAD relic of that broken string,
Once sounding high to many a varied measure,
When beauty's lips, like seraph's murmuring,
Poured on my raptured ear the song of pleasure,
Mute thou lyest,—thy spirit fled;—
That thrilling energy is dead,
Which once the heart could move;
And, soothing for awhile its care,
Awaken'd all the feelings there
Allied, and link'd to love.
Sister of harmony! no more,
When graceful fingers shall explore
The mazes of the shell,
To charm, with most persuasive skill,
The soul of music from its cell,
Obedient to the snowy hand,
Shalt thou, beneath its impulse, bland,
In tones impassioned thrill!

Another now thy place supplies,
Triumphant o'er thy spell:—
Another to that touch replies,
And murmurs back melodious sighs,
In soft, responsive swell.
Alas! to still the throbs of pain,
To chase the phantom sorrow's train,
No more from slumber shalt thou rise:—
Yet not unprized by me,
Sad relic of the broken string!
Tho' silent, shalt thou be.—
Thou to memory's harp shalt cling,
That loves of vanish'd days to sing
When joy, and hope, were in their spring,
And rule that wildest harp, and prompt its sweetest strain.
I'll place thee there,—for well I know
How sweet that song, in cadence low,
Upon my charmed ear will flow:
The shades of past delights appear
That time has borne away,
Recording many a former day
To pensive memory dear.—

They rise, they throng to vision'd view ;
 Like myriads in the solar ray,
 Reluctant darkness glancing thro'—
 With eyes of light, and cheek of rose,
 Love his infant presence shows :
 Pleasure, with her garland fair,
 Fresh in every balmy flower,
 That opens to the balmy air,
 Moistened in the morning shower :
 And enjoyment smiling there,
 Heedless of the fleeting hour.

They pass !—but see, from mingling shade,
 What radiant groups to view advance,
 As the thin curling shadows fade,
 And on the nerv'd remembrance glance,
 In all the heav'nly hues bedight,
 Luxuriant nature gives the year,
 When Spring enchants the soul and sight,
 With sounds, and scenes to rapture dear ;
 And all her odours flings around,
 With living freshness o'er the ground.
 And thou art nigh, beloved one !
 Whose presence is thy lover's sun ;
 Whose praise no *idle* lay shall tell ;
 Within whose gentle breast,
 As in a hallow'd shrine, or temple blest,
 The pure affections, prized so well,
 And placid virtues love to dwell.
 Mild is thine eye, thy look is mild,—
 As if, from earthly thoughts beguil'd,
 On heav'n some sainted sufferer smil'd.

The minutes, Mary, pass'd with thee,
 Were minutes wing'd with ecstasy,
 And tinged with precious light :
 Snatch'd from the gloomy power, whose tears
 Dim with chill drops life's hurrying years,
 Remembrance weeps their flight.
 There could not from these lips of thine
 A single accent roll,
 That did not seem a spell divine,
 And sink into the soul !
 But, hark ! across the quivering strings
 Her timorous hand she lightly flings,
 And every chord awakening tries ;
 Then muses half,—and half she sighs ;
 Till, as one melting lay prevails,
 In song her rosy breath exhales.
 Sweet as the sound of summer gales
 That stir the leafy grove remote,
 Came to the ear each dulcet note,

Perhaps, to shade awhile her face,
 Expression gave her saddest grace :
 For still, to feeling true,
 All that pale grief, or hopeless passion knew,
 The gazing list'ner there might trace,
 And pity pause to view.

Yet while those honied lips exhaled
 The strain,—the song, that so prevail'd,
 When love was all the theme ;—
 While sung that faltering voice so well
 The lay, of passion-prompted maid,—
 Be ne'er such gentle one betrayed.—
 Ah ! that some star-eyed power would tell,
 Descending to the poet's dream,
 If, with the bosom's sight-enslaving swell,
 The heart avowed what tuneful *lips* conveyed !”

Blest be sad relic of the broken string,
 Blest be the harp of memory for ever !
 Ah ! from its hallowed chords, when e'er they ring,
 Than thine, a dearer strain resound can never,
 Tho' love, and pleasure brush, with golden wing,
 And wake the enchantress, wild with fond endeavour.
 To that wild harp, sad relic, thou shalt cling,
 And death's chill touch alone thy hold shall sever !
 When for my brows, that rapture ne'er caresses,
 Pale grief and care, their gloomy wreath sit twining,
 And lone reflection with her pang oppresses,
 To touch the latent spark of joy which slumbers,
 Call from the strings their melodies refining,
 And pour upon my ear that song's entrancing numbers !

April, 1812.

G. W. C.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Historical and Military Classics : being a republication, in monthly numbers, price 2s. 6d. each, of a cheap and uniform Library Edition, of all the Greek, Roman, and ancient European original historians, in a large royal octavo page, and with a new and elegant type ; so as to form a complete Corpus Historicum, or body of History, by the writers cotemporary with the facts they relate ; reprinted verbatim from the best translations, and at one-fourth, and, in many cases, at one-tenth of their present selling prices.

Instinct Displayed, in a collection of well authenticated facts, exemplifying the extraordinary sagacity of various species of the animal creation. By Priscilla Wakefield.

A Selection from Bishop Horner's Commentary on the Psalms. By Lindley Murray, author of English Grammar, &c.

A Poetical Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain. By A. de Humboldt.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Thomas & Whipple, Newburyport,

The Evidences of the Christian Religion, with additional discourses. Collected from the writings of the right honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

Also—A Dissertation on the use and abuse of Tobacco ; addressed to all Tobacco consumers. By Adam Clarke, L.L.D.

Republished, from the London copy, by John Kingston, Baltimore, and for sale by J. F. Watson, “The Armenian, or Methodist Magazine”—commencing with the year 1811 ; to be published *monthly*, in 40 pages of letter press, so as to

form a volume of more than 500 pages a year. This work is so highly prized in England, as to sell 25,000 to 30,000 copies a month. Price of each number 19 cents.

By Moses Thomas, Philadelphia,
Sentimental Anecdotes. By Madame de Montalieu, author of *Caroline of Lichfield, &c.* Translated from the French, by Mrs. Plunkett, formerly Miss Gunning. One vol. 12mo.—Price one dollar.

By Edward Earle, Philadelphia,
A handsome miniature edition of the "Whole Duty of Woman," by a Lady. Price, in extra boards 37 cts.

By David Hogan, Philadelphia,
Evening Entertainments, or Delineations of the Manners and Customs of various nations. By J. B. Depping.

Also—A new Grammar of the English Language, for schools, entitled, *The Union Grammar*. By D. Jaudon, Ladies' Preceptor, Union Hall, Philadelphia.

Also—The New Universal Letter Writer, or Complete Art of Polite Correspondence. Fourth edition.

By J. & A. Y. Humphreys, Philadelphia,
Psyche, or the Legend of Love; with other Poems: by the late Mrs. Tighe.
Also—Arabian Nights, Vols. 1 and 2.—Vols. 3 and 4 in the press.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

We are informed, that a translation of a very late and interesting work, on Public Law, is now preparing in Philadelphia for the press, from the original in French; and will probably be published in the course of the ensuing summer. The work is entitled, *De la Liberté des Mers*, (Of the Liberty of the Seas), and is a scientific treatise on the rights of belligerents and neutrals in a maritime war. It contains an elaborate analysis and refutation of Selden's *Mare Clausum*, and of Lord Hawkesbury's (afterwards Lord Liverpool's) celebrated observations on the conduct of Great Britain towards neutrals.

The author is Monsieur de Rayneval, who has filled several important diplomatic places under the late, and present, government of France; and who is said to be brother to Monsieur Gezand, the first Minister Plenipotentiary sent from France to the United States of America, after the signature of the treaty of alliance between the two countries.

The translation, we understand, will be accompanied with notes, by an American publicist; in which those points of national law, most interesting to the American public, will be particularly discussed and explained.

The nature of such a work, when well executed, must recommend it in an especial manner to the notice of our fellow-citizens; and we have reason to believe the present performance will be found in all respects entitled to consideration.

Letters explaining the Abrahamic Covenant, with a view to establish, on that broad and extensive basis, the *divine right* of *infant baptism*; and the question relative to the mode of administering this Christian rite. By Jacob J. Janeway, A. M. Junior Rector of the Second Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.

By John Kingston, Baltimore,
In one vol. duodecimo, the Miscellaneous Works of the Rev. John Wesley, with a sketch of his life, labours, and death—adorned with a fine likeness.

Also—In one vol. duodecimo, Lectures to the Asiatic Churches, by the venerable Thomas Taylor, the oldest Methodist preacher in the world.

Also—In one vol. duodecimo, from the London copy, the very excellent Sermons of Joseph Benson, from his own collected and corrected copy.

By Moses Thomas, Philadelphia,
A handsome miniature edition of the Letters of the late Lord Lyttleton.
Also—An elegant edition of the Book of Common Prayer. 18mo. and 12mo. with engravings.

Also—Vol. IV. of Binney's Reports.